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T.R.B.

from Washington

Justice Fortas

★ On that day in February, 1952, the great marble Caucus Room was jammed. Pat McCarran was in the chair, swarthy Joe McCarthy led the Republicans and the man whom McCarthy denounced as a "Soviet spy," on whose conviction he said his whole case of conspiracy would stand or fall, was in the witness chair. For 12 days – the longest congressional interrogation of one man in congressional history – Professor Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins, a leading expert on the Orient, was pilloried. Sitting beside him as his counsel, giving his services free and advising his client to fight back, was Abe Fortas of the law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter.

In the last fortnight, Fortas has himself sat in the same marble-columned room, in the same witness chair, before a Senate committee, defending himself. He is the first man nominated as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court ever to be thus questioned by the Senate.

Fortas got Lattimore off. "A more blatant invasion of the right of free speech has never occurred in our history," Thurman Arnold wrote later. As for Justice Fortas, the confirmation fight will be delayed till after Congress returns in September, where it will hit a filibuster; the result a toss-up.

It has been a strange experience. Fortas' testimony of closeness to Mr. Johnson did not aid him. But the thing that sticks in memory is a member of the great US tribunal being taunted for his judicial decisions. Lattimore denounced in 1952 because he warned Red China was here to stay; Fortas badgered in 1968 because he believes police court defendants have a right to constitutional safeguards. At the end, Strom Thurmond (R, S.C.) invited the Justice back to see a display of girlie magazines filled with nude photographs which he wanted Fortas to view on the charge that court decisions have encouraged pornography. Fortas declined.

What is the real attack on Fortas? We believe it is an attack by obscurantists and those confused by modern complexities against liberals, intellectuals and the Supreme Court as a symbol – charging that the latter is somehow responsible for crime and lawlessness. Popular sentiment is 4 to 3 against the Court, according to Gallup. Nixon has put himself at the head of the attack against "the barbed wire of legalisms" erected by "the Supreme Court." Nixon will pick Justices, the inference is, who will shortcut legal niceties.

And what are these niceties? In 1963 a 50-year-old white man named Gideon who had been in and out of jail most of his life wrote a letter from a Florida prison telling the Supreme Court that he'd asked for legal counsel and been refused. Using its discretionary powers, the Court named Abe Fortas to represent Gideon. The idea that busy Justices of the highest court would reach down into prison and review the case of a habitual prisoner was moving to some. *NYTimesman* Tony Lewis wrote a best-seller on it, *Gideon's Trumpet*. A TV network devoted an hour of prime time to recapitulate the case. And today *Gideon* v *Wainwright*, argued by Fortas, means that all men, even the humblest, even habitual criminals, have the same rights before the Court.

That is what the Fortas case is really about. To Nixon these rights are a "barbed wire of legalisms." To the Court majority they are simply the safeguards habitually granted defendants in British trial courts. But in the marble-columned Senate Caucus Room the same wind of anger and resentment that blew against Lattimore, blows today against Lattimore's former counsel.

LBJ Lost Touch

★ Writing in *Foreign Affairs* (July), former White House aide Bill Moyers observes, "The reaction to the war has been so fierce and sustained that I cannot see future decisions involving similar consequences being made without asking the people to share more fully in the responsibility." What finally turned opposition to Vietnam into "an overpowering crescendo," he says, was the feeling that it was being waged "in violation of the tradition of consent which is fundamental to the effective conduct of foreign policy in a free society."

Neither Moyers nor Hugh Sidey of *Life* magazine (whose book, *A Personal Presidency*, $5.95, Atheneum, we recommend) is unsympathetic to Lyndon Johnson. Their verdict is about the same: "There is no evidence," writes Sidey, "that he realized that by failing to put his full faith in the people, by conducting the affairs of a democracy in his secretive fashion, he had foreclosed receiving trust from the nation." That's the heart of the Johnson story, we think. He lost touch.

The New Welfare

★ My, how respectable income maintenance for the poor (children's allowance; negative income tax) is getting to be! A writer of two articles in *The Wall Street Journal* last week describes the "Welfare Crisis." It's a mess, he says. John Kifner in *The New York Times* says simply, "The welfare system doesn't work." The lively souls of the Ripon Society who call themselves "a Republican research and policy organization," renew endorsement of the negative income tax.

Milton Friedman gives "The Case for the Negative Income Tax," of all places, in the paperback *Republican Papers*, edited by GOPundit Rep. Melvin Laird of Wisconsin.

And now here's good old *Fortune* magazine, rarely found in the hands of the impecunious, with an article, "A Way Out of the Welfare Mess."

"The difference between a 'reformed welfare system' and a practicable negative income tax system, in short," explains Edmund Faltermayer, "would be largely administrative." The point is, as Faltermayer tells his plush readers, "this nation is rich enough to provide a minimum level of subsistence to those who have missed the train of the US economy." It's not a forbidden thought anymore.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 159 Number 5 Issue 2800 August 3, 1968*
Published weekly (except the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Wallace Jitters

George Wallace is scaring a lot of folk, but we doubt whether he's fated to become President of the United States next year, or to decide who will be. Someone like him was bound to come along about now, waving the bloody shirt. The blacks are getting uppity, the young are raising hell, and there's a war being fought against communism. It's time for a common-sense candidate of the man who calls himself the common man, time for some old-fashioned Americanism – and if they don't like it here, send them back where they came from, or to jail. And don't let them out. The Supreme Court's doing it every week, coddling criminals and communists. The simplicity of the Wallace platform is powerful. Put down the bothersome things that are bobbing up – taxes, "pseudo-intellectuals," peacemongers, blacks and the federal government. The little man's little man speaks to those who have a tenuous hold on the ladder of success, but a hold nonetheless. They want order, their order.

Wallace is doing well enough to worry the intellectuals, and even some of the politicians. In the latest Harris poll, he polled 17 percent, which is a lot of people, though it may not produce many electoral votes. It is unnerving enough so that Rep. Charles E. Goodell (R, N.Y.) and Morris K. Udall (D, Ariz.) want the presidential candidates to sign a compact refusing to do business with the former governor of Alabama. They suggest this compact be incorporated into the Republican and Democratic platforms. In addition, they hope that candidates for the House of Representatives, incumbents and challengers, will pledge themselves to vote for the presidential candidate who gets the majority of popular votes, should the election be thrown into the House.

The proposal is well-intentioned, but how binding it would be, or how necessary, is open to question. Senator McCarthy has said that he has no intention of making a deal with Wallace, and hopes no one else has. McCarthy doubts, however, that the electoral college could be constitutionally bound by any such advance pledges. Anyway, he is reasonably sure that the House of Representatives would not allow itself to be blackmailed by Wallace. Vice President Humphrey and Mr. Nixon have also rejected any thought of a deal. Governors Rockefeller and Reagan are noncommittal, and the Governors Conference last week turned down the Goodell-Udall proposal. The scare scenario has been widely publicized. If Wallace controls enough electors (who are chosen in November but technically do not elect a

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President until December 15) to prevent either the Republican or the Democratic candidate from having a majority (270), he can sell his electors to the most compliant candidate in exchange for concessions. If there are no buyers, Wallace would then let the election go to the House, where he would hope to control enough Deep South delegations to try again to dictate terms for a settlement. The House meets on the sixth of January to count the electoral votes and declare a President. But if no candidate were to have a majority, the House would go on voting until a winner emerged. The balloting could continue beyond the January 20 date of inauguration, in which case the Vice President, having been elected by the Senate, would rule as a temporary President until the House came to a decision. In brief, if the electoral college could not produce a majority, at least two months would pass without the country's knowing who its President was to be, and if the deadlock persisted, the uncertainty would also.

To manufacture this chaos, however, Wallace would need in the first instance a close run between the two major candidates, as well as a strong following for himself. As of now, neither can be ruled out. A computer study by Dr. Charles Bischoff of Yale University, using the past four presidential elections as illustrations of voting patterns, suggests that if Wallace carried the 11 states of the old Confederacy, one of the major candidates would have to lead his nearest opponent by four or five percent nationally, so as to avoid throwing the election to the House. If Wallace carried only the five states of the Deep South, the leading contender would still need a two percent margin over his opponent.

Nevertheless, there's no need yet to push the panic button. Admittedly, this isn't the year for confident prophecy. Yet it seems doubtful that the question will ever reach the House. In the improbable event of a stalemate in the electoral college, moreover, we would anticipate Wallace's endorsing, without any "deals" having been made, one of the two leading candidates. That would be his moment of glory, but it would fade fast.

It should be added that Wallace is doing one useful thing. He is challenging restrictive state laws which limit the voters' freedom of choice. He has won a legal battle in Oklahoma, where the State Supreme Court ruled that Wallace's third party qualifies under Oklahoma law, and he announced on July 20 that he was filing suit in Ohio to get his party on the general election ballot. The barriers to open politics are intolerably high in many states. In Ohio, they are almost insurmountable: To get on the ballot, a new party must file petitions bearing the number of signatures equal to 15 percent of the total votes cast in the last gubernatorial election (433,100), and hold a national convention.

There Comes a Time . . .

Many prominent intellectuals joined the attempt in 1924 to provide an alternative to presidential candidates Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis, none more vigorously than Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, one of the founding spirits of this journal. It may be of some historic interest to review Frankfurter's thoughts regarding the propriety of third-party movements.

As early as April 16, 1924, Frankfurter wrote an unsigned article for *The New Republic* on "Why Mr. Davis Shouldn't Run." The crux of Frankfurter's criticism concerned Davis' associations with J. P. Morgan & Co. and other large business and financial enterprises. Declaring that the "ideas with which one deals and the people with whom one mixes determine one's directions," he castigated Davis for paying insufficient attention to the public interest. Noting that Davis was amassing a considerable fortune by serving these financial interests, Frankfurter cited statistics on income distribution within the United States, adding, "Our most vital political differences do now, and in days to come will still more, center around the human implications back of the vast differences in these very high and low income tax brackets."

After Davis' nomination Frankfurter wrote another unsigned piece for this journal on "Abstemious Liberalism," denouncing Davis even further for his detachment from the great public issues, especially civil liberties and abuses by propertied interests.

Frankfurter was finally led to write perhaps the most critical article he ever wrote about the American polity, in which he gave his reasons for voting for third-party candidate Robert La Follette. He called first for the destruction of the existing two-party system, in that the parties were insufficiently differentiated to be relevant to the problems facing America. He denounced the great economic inequalities existing in the country; he referred to our "economic imperialism" toward Latin America. He dismissed the Democratic reliance on the South: "The 'solid South' is thus the greatest immoral factor of American politics, and to the extent that Northerners help to perpetuate it they are accomplices in all the evils that flow from it."

His private correspondence (recently opened to the public by the Library of Congress) reveals the extent of his dismay. In a letter to George Roberts defending his commitment to La Follette, he called for a realignment of the parties "along realistic lines." He defined the basic conflict as that between "conservative and liberal forces" – defined in turn as "those who think that on the whole things are all right and you better not tinker much with them, and those, like myself, who think that there is enormous room for improve-

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ment. . . ." "My chief interest in this campaign is that the vote for La Follette will be so big that the various forces behind him will gain coherence and permanence and mark the beginning of the future."

Finally, in an eloquent and passionate letter to Walter Lippmann, a supporter of Davis, he summarized his basic attitude toward the necessities of the times and the presidential election:

"You see, I'm incorrigibly academic, and, therefore, the immediate results of the 1924 election do not appear very important. The directions which we further or retard for 1944 are tremendously important. Coolidge and Davis have nothing to offer for 1944; they have no dreams, no 'pictures in their heads' (which *Public Opinion* has taught me is the all-important thing) except things substantially as is. The forces that are struggling and groping behind La Follette are, at least, struggling and groping for a dream, for a different look of things in 1944. That is why I'm for them – and in my small way want to help to give direction and definiteness to the dream."

Frankfurter appreciated as well as anyone the virtues of the two-party system, the stability and moderation that flow from a politics, not of pitched ideological warfare, but of accommodation. Yet every so often, the two-party system threatens to take mind and morality out of American politics, and then it can no longer in itself be the highest good. Frankfurter's allusion to the solid South indicates why 1924 seemed like such a time. It was the year of the 103 ballots in the Democratic Convention in New York, when the Ku Klux Klan denied the nomination to Alfred E. Smith. Davis, among other things, represented an accommodation with the Klan. That was too high a price for stability and moderation, and it seemed to upward of 16 percent of the electorate that a realignment was due.

The analogy from 1924 to this year is imperfect. There was a moral issue in 1924, but it was not an enduring one, and it did not cut sufficiently deep. The Klan came and went, and the people knew it would. The American role in a revolutionary world, the decay of our cities and the status of 20 million Negroes – these are not ephemeral issues. They are what the 1968 election is basically about – and will be for years to come.

McCarthy's "Complaints"

A month ago, Senator McCarthy saw "the ice breaking up a little bit." It has since broken up more than a little bit. The Democratic Governor of Vermont, Philip Hoff, now "can imagine McCarthy winning the nomination, I really can." The Harris Survey of July 21 found McCarthy running ahead of Rockefeller (38 to 32 percent), way ahead of Nixon (42 to 34 percent), and Humphrey's mid-June seven point lead over Nixon had dropped to two points. McCarthy takes 41 percent of the Independent vote (Nixon, 28 percen of the Republican vote). A Field poll in California the same week shows McCarthy as the preferred candidate of 54 percent of the Democrats (HHH, 34 percent). McCarthy is also the first choice by two percentage points of all voters if Rockefeller is the GOP nominee (HHH 32 percent, Rockefeller 48 percent). Pitted against Nixon, McCarthy leads by nine percentage points; in a Nixon-Humphrey contest, HHH loses, 42-39.

In mid-July too, Mr. Gallup found that in the event Mr. Nixon is the nominee, 34 percent of Governor Rockefeller's supporters would vote for McCarthy.

The *Wallaces Farmer* poll of Iowa farmers released last week showed McCarthy a nearly three to one favorite over Humphrey, and preferred to any of the three Republicans. All three Republicans, however, did better than Humphrey.

The news is getting through. The Vice President has begun to take note of the McCarthy challenge. He has agreed to one TV debate (McCarthy asked for three). And he landed his first (light) punch by telling

"The Real Me Will Soon Emerge."

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the press last week McCarthy has put forward nothing so far but "complaints." "As yet," Mr. Humphrey said, "I have not been able to find out what the senator stands for."

Here is a recent sample of what McCarthy has said he stands for:

"Curb our interventionist habits and control our impulse to define or solve other people's problems for them."

"Curb the influence of the military over foreign policy: by making feasible cuts in our defense budget, by stricter review of military spending and military missions abroad, by reconversion of military activity into productive peacetime uses, by limiting the use of the university for military research and development, by curtailing the arms sales, and by keeping the military out of foreign aid programs."

"Try to establish diplomatic relations with the Chinese."

"Provide summer camps and work and study projects for the young – giving them some contact with nature, relief from the oppressive city summer, and the chance to learn new skills and to sense new individual capacities. I would also like to call upon volunteers from the intellectual and university community to spend part of each week in city schools, helping to ease the shortage of teachers and infusing the entire system with new sources of energy. . . ."

"Assure everyone in this country an annual income sufficient for him to meet his needs and meet all of his obligations. You do it with increased minimum wage, you do it with tax credits, in some cases you do it with subsidies, in other cases you do it with a better national unemployment compensation program, you do it with increased social security payments in some cases, and with increased welfare payments in others."

"We need a national health insurance program for all Americans and the federal government has to be prepared to contribute to that."

"The basic Social Security program I find to be sound. What it calls for is some improvement and some extension and, of course, a general adjustment as the cost of living goes up and as the economy permits us to provide more for the needs of those who have retired."

"We have clear obligations to the Chinese in Formosa, Taiwan. We have clear obligations to the Japanese by virtue of the treaty ending that war which demilitarized Japan. We have clear obligations to India to speak only about Asia. We have a clear moral, legal responsibility in the Middle East to Israel, and also I think a strong obligation to maintain strength in NATO. As to the other areas of Southeastern Asia, Thailand and Malaysia, Indonesia, Laos, Cambodia, we have a very limited commitment there, I think, one which we have to balance against what good can come out of what we might do there, and also balance against our responsibilities in other parts of the world."

"I don't think we ought to perpetuate the ghetto if we can help it, even by putting better houses there for them or low-cost houses. What we have got to . . . [do is] break that up; otherwise we are adopting a kind of apartheid in this country, a practical apartheid. Some industries can go to the ghettos, but some of the housing has got to go out of the ghetto so there is a distribution of races throughout the whole structure of our cities and on into our rural areas. It means funding $5- or $6 billion dollars a year eventually for this kind of housing. . . ."

"No doubt our schools need still more funds, but it is time we recognized the need as well for a different *kind* of education. City schools must serve their communities as well as the general public. They must involve parents in devising curriculum appropriate to the needs of urban children."

"Private construction in America can be vastly expanded – once the war drain is ended and interest rates return to a reasonable level. But the reliance on private industry to rebuild the inner city is one of the misconceptions that has made the ghetto what it is today. The fact is that private industry has almost never built low-cost housing for low-income families. Surely this is one of the lessons that we should have learned by now. All too often builders have taken public funds to subsidize what turns out to be middle-class or luxury housing. The former inhabitants of the area are simply shifted to another corner of the central city where they are crowded together more tightly than ever."

"The number one federal program against hunger should be the distribution of free food stamps. Eligibility should be keyed to income, dependents, and medical needs. School lunches should be available to every impoverished child whether in public, private or parochial schools, kindergartens, Headstart programs, nursery schools or day care centers. The lunches should conform to federal nutritional standards. Hospital and health service facilities must be provided in every impoverished area. Poor families should be assigned a 'family doctor' who would provide continuing guidance of medical care and preventive hygiene. Medical, graduate and nursing schools should give full attention to the diagnosis and treatment of malnutrition, and to an understanding of its causes and effects."

"One of the things we have been trying to do with the CIA is to bring it under closer congressional supervision with a special or select committee of the Senate, particularly exercising some more direct control over what the agency does. I have been in favor of giving the Administration, any Administration, limited power to raise or lower taxes under certain conditions."

"We have little justification for carrying on so-called 'counterinsurgency lessons and demonstrations,' which were supposedly carried on in Guatemala and in other countries in South America."

We ought to immediately proceed to stop escalating it [the war in Vietnam]; to begin to draw back in certain areas; to seek an agreement on a coalition government in South Vietnam, which I think can be achieved. I've said that if the South Vietnamese do not accept that, we'd simply say to them that they'd have to carry on the war."

"Six million low- and moderate-income housing units must be built within five years. The rent supplement pro-

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gram must be greatly expanded with payments available for rental of existing housing as well as new construction. Home ownership for the poor must be encouraged through interest subsidies and ownership shares for low-cost housing tenants. New programs of federal assistance must be developed for research and development of construction technology. New housing must be built in both the inner city and beyond in order to assure the widest opportunity for low-income families now consigned to the blight of the ghetto. City people, like their counterparts in the suburbs, must share the power to run their local institutions. And I think the obvious place to begin is in community service organizations (groups which provide health care, counseling, recreational facilities and day care for the children) – even at the sacrifice of some efficiency in the short run."

"Vigorous enforcement of the arms embargo against South Africa."

"Due process begins not when you get to court, but when you first meet the policeman. That is the point at which protection has to be ensured. . . ."

"Older people need more drugs, and it is therefore particularly regrettable that present federal health insurance programs fail to cover drugs purchased outside of hospitals. . . ."

"We must improve and expand mass rapid transit systems on a vastly enlarged scale, so that people need not depend exclusively on the automobile. . . . Our cities are caught in a vicious cycle of more traffic, more movement, more freeways and more pollution."

"The old idea that there was some kind of concentrated and centralized control over all communists in the world is no longer acceptable. And the rather silly idea that conventional troops in Europe were the shield and the nuclear weapons were the sword; this is no longer acceptable. Or that every place where something called a power vacuum arises that we must move into it, whether it is the British moving out of Aden or out of Hong Kong, or the French moving out of South Vietnam. I never concede that the principal role of America is one of filling vacuums."

"Dean Rusk should go. General Hershey should go. J. Edgar Hoover has been there long enough."

"The light SENTINEL anti-ballistic-missile deployment would be another escalatory move in a senseless strategic arms race between the two super powers: a move which could only lead to an exacerbation of tensions with a net reduction in the security of both, and to a diversion of resources on both sides from pressing needs."

"The present policy we've followed [toward Cuba] has not done us any good, as far as I can tell, and has not done Cuba any good, and has not done anything to alleviate any tensions or problems there may be between Cuba and the other countries of the Western Hemisphere. We ought to move towards some kind of a new relationship. A limited kind of recognition, I think, is in order."

"We should approve a selective set of standards for a special deferment on grounds of reasoned judgment about the war rather than on religious grounds – what's called selective conscientious objection."

The Quiet Candidate

Sen. George McGovern's open-end invitation to Democratic delegates to back his favorite son candidacy may deadlock the Chicago convention on the first ballot, and that may be his aim. It is not an ignoble one. By providing a home for several hundred uncommitted delegates who find it difficult right now to make a choice between Humphrey and McCarthy, the South Dakota senator adds to the suspense. And if he succeeds in this, McGovern's own chances of emerging as a compromise candidate are also enhanced. His availability is couched in words that will not interfere with his bid for reelection in South Dakota: "I will accept any delegates that come my way but I won't do anything to get one," enough said to interest a lot of delegates formerly pledged to the late Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, whom McGovern praised extravagantly in the spring. The admiration was mutual. Much earlier, asked who was the most decent man in the Senate, Robert Kennedy had replied, "George McGovern. He's the *only* decent man in the Senate."

McGovern has had offers of support from Maine, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, New Mexico and California, to name a few. And of course he has South Dakota's 26 votes on the first ballot. Though not out hunting delegates, the senator accepted Speaker Jesse Unruh's offer to address a luncheon in California sponsored by the Kennedy volunteers. He urged them to fight for a "peace plank" in the platform. McGovern himself plans to appear before the platform committee and hopes his new delegate strength will add force to his appeal.

McGovern's invitation to delegates has all the earmarks of the Kennedy holding action, an idea that bloomed at a memorial dinner in South Dakota July 13 (McGovern was in Sweden attending a meeting of the World Council of Churches). Ted Sorensen was the featured speaker and Unruh an honored guest. South Dakota's delegation took that occasion to launch their senator as a favorite son. Upon his return home, McGovern was approached by Sorensen, who urged him to make himself available: "I told him I was honored by it but would be powerless to do anything to encourage it."

McGovern is not a man to be used. He is a politician of quiet courage and steady, kindly convictions. A former director of Food for Peace and university professor, he has served in the House and Senate. He is one of the few in the Senate that have dissented from the Johnson-Humphrey Vietnam policy. He doesn't think Humphrey, an old friend, has the nomination locked up and believes that McCarthy has "fewer problems to overcome" if he is the nominee. But McGovern won't choose between the two, yet.

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What President Thieu Wants from the US

Saigon

Washington's new line on the volatile political situation here runs like this: While South Vietnam publicly opposes a cease-fire, US leaders privately accept the inevitability of a negotiated settlement. Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy called this dual attitude on the war a kind of "schizophrenia." "Publicly they're [the Saigon government] making harder and harder statements, but privately they're talking more realistically," Bundy recently told a handful of reporters.

Mr. Bundy saw only a small danger in the ambivalent South Vietnamese temper. Trouble possibly could occur during the American election campaign, he implied, when presidential candidates softened their views on the war to attract the anti-war vote. "I would expect the chosen candidates would moderate their statements on the war," he said at the restricted briefing. "But I think the GVN (South Vietnam government) understands the dynamics of US politics particularly well." In other words, the Saigon government might be shaken by dovish sounds from presidential candidates, will view them as statements of political expediency. "If North Vietnam began to play a blatant political game with big I Corps attacks in August or September," he added, "then the dynamics will change." Translated: If Hanoi fights instead of negotiates, candidates may not find it necessary to change their positions on the war to attract votes.

Washington may be underestimating our allies once again. Perhaps South Vietnam has accepted the inevitability of negotiations—but strictly on its own terms. Many observers here believe that Saigon could prove more difficult than Hanoi for the US in the coming months of give and take talks. There is no reason to believe, one veteran here points out, that Saigon will be any more acquiescent in accepting US advice in Paris than it has been here during this long war.

Bundy's optimism was based partly on Saigon officials' apparent private acceptance of President Johnson's plan to stop the bombing of North Vietnam at the slightest hint of reciprocal action from Hanoi. Since the first week of July, Americans here have been laying the ground for a full bombing cessation. They have carefully assured the Saigon government that this would simply mean an expansion of the preliminary talks into full scale negotiations and should not be interpreted as a lessening of US resolve to pursue the war. The Thieu government is convinced that this halt will come within the next few weeks.

But Saigon's acceptance of a bombing cessation does not mean that South Vietnam is becoming more realistic in regard to US interests. An end to the bombing happens to fit in with President Nguyen Van Thieu's developing strategy, pointed at keeping US troops in Vietnam for another half-decade. The expanded talks that follow a bombing halt would presumably include South Vietnam. Once at the conference table, Thieu hopes either to get an ideal settlement or prolong the talks to buy the time that many leaders here feel they need to get the country in better shape.

Thieu began evolving his new strategy in the last few weeks, after Washington showed little enthusiasm for his long-requested trip to the US. A veteran of several successful US television appearances, Thieu considers himself a persuasive personality. He told a reporter in early June that he wanted "to convince the American people that America should remain in Southeast Asia." After several delays, his Washington trip was finally scheduled for June 17. The Poor People's March on Washington provided a convenient excuse to cancel the trip. "He would have faced a gigantic anti-war mob," says a US official.

Thieu immediately began renegotiating for a July trip. He hoped to address a joint session of Congress and meet candidates seeking the nomination for the Presidency. He wanted a minimum of 10 days in the States; sources here say Washington tepidly offered him a maximum of six days. Because of the approaching political conventions, Thieu was even less welcome in July than in June. This feeling, coupled with the threat of a new North Vietnamese offensive, led to the final compromise of tea for Thieu in Honolulu.

After his US visit fell through, Thieu put aside his hopes of convincing America that it should stick with Vietnam indefinitely. He decided instead to try to keep US troops here for the next three to five years. In return for his pledge to assume a greater share in the war, Thieu reportedly sought assurances in Honolulu from President Johnson that American troops would be phased out gradually – not massively – in event of a settlement. Saigon officials say they need this extra time to strengthen South Vietnam's armed forces so they can, if necessary, carry on the war without the US. More important, they believe at least several years are required to develop the strong political organization that they will need should a negotiated settlement pit them against the Viet Cong in national elections. In one of his less cautious moments, President Thieu recently admitted that South Vietnam could not afford a cease-fire at this time: "Our government is too weak now."

Even at this late stage, Thieu persists in the belief that he can win the war if Hanoi and the US remove themselves from the South by negotiations. "We could

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face and defeat the Viet Cong in the country if there were no infiltration from the North," he says. "But in order to do so there would have to be certain conditions: 1) More weapons and supplies and 2) a guarantee that our allies would return in event of renewed infiltration." However, a phased-out US withdrawal is Thieu's most important condition for military success. "Even with sealed borders," he says, "it would take us three years to be strong."

Thieu's government has encouraged top Senate leaders to form a new majority bloc that they hope will unify South Vietnam's six major faction-ridden parties. The bloc includes two of the most important political elements here – Catholics and Dai Viets (nationalists) – and it promises to attract other disparate elements. After giving the Senate its first majority party, the leaders of this group plan to form a nationwide political front that would enable them to beat the Viet Cong in elections. Party leaders predict that it will take at least a year to get the political front into operation, and they have asked the US embassy here for organizational assistance. So far, embassy officials have listened with interest but declined to help.

In view of South Vietnam's tradition of deadly factionalism, this eleventh-hour scheme has little chance for success, even if the government is able to prolong the Paris talks. Since Tet, the government has established four political fronts to unify the country. All have died – except the Thieu-sponsored National Alliance for Social Revolution set up last month – and it has hardly made a ripple. Most Vietnamese have never heard of it.

While he struggles to broaden his government's wispy support, Thieu intends to stifle any peace movements – spontaneous or communist inspired – that could lead to an early settlement in Paris. One indication of his mood was his firing squad treatment of the Alliance of National, Democratic and Peace Forces of Vietnam – a coalition of urban middle class intellectuals formed last April with the encouragement of the Viet Cong. Many consider this group a promising basis for a coalition government that would be acceptable to the Viet Cong and many noncommunists in South Vietnam. Although the Alliance (see Tran Van Dinh's article, *NR*, June 22) is portrayed by the South Vietnam government and the US as a communist creation, only one of its ten leaders has a communist background. Many Vietnamese say the new organization has a strong appeal to war-weary city dwellers. Hanoi accepts the Alliance, along with the less broadly based National Liberation Front, as a true representative of South Vietnam.

The Alliance leaders were recently sentenced to death *in absentia* by Thieu's government in a 48-minute trial. This country's reactionary National Assembly, which the US midwifed in hopes of setting up majority rule, gave Thieu extra police power last week to deal with peace movements.

So while President Johnson talked to Thieu in Honolulu about the importance of deescalation, there was no sign here of South Vietnamese willingness to pursue an early settlement. If the communists match US deescalation in bombing, then the next step must be a reduction of fighting and demobilization by both sides. The day when the Thieu government must face the Viet Cong over a ballot box instead of a bayonet is drawing closer. Yet instead of improving his communications with countrymen who are presently his enemies, Thieu goes on burning bridges as quickly as they are built.

Zalin Grant

Doubting Percy

Would, Could the GOP Get in the Mainstream?

When a sensitive and intelligent Republican, as it might be Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, takes a hard look at his party in this election year, it is a fair guess that he experiences the same sinking feeling which overwhelms an intelligent and sensitive Democrat who looks at his.

Not that Percy, for one, would admit to any such sensation. Brains and antenna he undoubtedly has, but temperamentally he is the go-go type. Zest and zeal are his bag, there is no visible trace of Hamlet in him. When, as now, he sees trouble and turmoil ahead, his personal inclination is to welcome it wholeheartedly, crying joyously, "Let there be strife!"

Apathy is the foe. Unfortunately, something remarkably resembling it is apt to congeal Republican zeal, like a bravely burning candle's winding shroud of wax, on contemplating being led into the Seventies by Richard Nixon. Those mirror-image candles, the many Democrats who have exactly the same response to Hubert Humphrey, may console themselves until August 26 with the thought of McCarthy. Until August 5, progressive Republicans will similarly try to buoy their spirits with wistful hopes for Nelson Rockefeller as their deus ex machina.

But Democrats have this modest fillip, that with Johnson retiring, there is nothing worse in sight for them than Hubert, since one doesn't count George Wallace in this context. Wallace is at worst a spoiler,

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but not a shaper. The Republicans, however, have more difficulty discounting Ronald Reagan, either at or after their convention.

This means that they may find themselves in Miami nominating an albatross that has another albatross round its neck. But, for many Republicans, events still grimmer and more sinister portend. If it's true as some Republicans like Percy suspect, that the Democrats positively fear a cease-fire in Vietnam for what it might reveal about American weakness there, the Republicans' matching paradox is that they appear to be less than wholeheartedly in love with what ought to be the attractive and glittering prospect of political victory here at home, at last. The reason is that victory could bring on death by exposure.

To cease being in opposition means having to assume responsibility, and at an especially poor conjunction for the Republican Party. Just as history has tended cruelly to associate Democrats with wars, so it links Republican Administrations with recessions. There's a good chance of a Republican Administration next year and, sure enough, the money men are saying that the end of the long boom is now in sight. There is also another and deeper cause for Republican anxiety over the possibility of a Republican win in November. The years that now stretch tautly ahead, the short but crucial jump into the Seventies, clamor for all the qualities the Republican Party is least acclaimed for. The needed virtues are radical reform, far-reaching social and economic overhaul, accommodations between races and classes such as will necessitate much sacrifice, vast painful spendings of public funds – and not for interstate highways or sophisticated arms, but on people, for a change. In sum, shocking innovation and, as salt in the wound, high taxes.

In these circumstances, a brisk able man like Senator Percy, who prefers things to be stirred up to their settling down, and who feels that creative strife is his and also this nation's thing, has to assume that the Republican Party can carry out the right program providing it wins the election. This is a formidable assumption. The present image of the Republican Party, Republicans of Percy's persuasion and brand of honesty don't trouble to deny, is one of archetypal conserving and tranquilizing. It is a very long time since Republicans in power poked in dark corners of the establishment, and the Republican broom's function generally is sweeping things under the rug. But what the times are patently demanding, once again, is a totally different image. It happens to be one that fits the temperament of men like Percy, but there's nothing about it that remotely recalls any recent Republican Party platform or activity. On the contrary, and in stark contrast, the requisite image is readily recognizable as Rooseveltian. What November's winner has to conjure up is a strong, confident feeling of push and whoosh, rapid and energetic experimentation, a cheerful irreverence for all apparently fixed and settled institutions. Above all, a disposition to tamper with things and to alter them in a mood of determined optimism about the beneficial consequences of change.

Senator Charles Percy is an intelligent, young Republican – well, 49; fully three-and-a-half years younger than Eugene McCarthy – who appreciates the needs of the era on which this country now enters. All the same, as a Republican who knows his party, it's no wonder if he sometimes seems to temporize, uttering cautionary uncharacteristic words about reforms taking 20 years. In fact, there probably isn't anywhere near that much elbow-room available, and Percy is too keen-sighted not to be aware of it.

The way Percy views the country's crises at home and abroad, there lies ahead a series of social engineering jobs: in the hackneyed phrase, building bridges. The yawning chasms, some of which are admittedly yawnier than others but all of them apparently getting wider, are between the rich and the poor in America, between white and black, between old and young, between those who're apathetic and the ones who're doing the demanding; and, abroad, between this country and the Soviet Union and Communist China.

Bridge-building abroad is a tougher job than finding foreigners who can be identified as the enemy, then threatening to bash their heads in if they don't behave. Even if monolithic communism hadn't existed, Dick Nixon in the old days might have invented it. But anyway, Percy is quite sure that it cannot now be re-invented, useful as it might be as a unifying device at home. He assumes, as a good Republican must, that Nixon if elected will not attempt this tempting feat and, instead, will get the country out of Vietnam. Percy believes that the sooner we're out the better, and that that consummation is now being unduly delayed by Mr. Johnson's negotiators in Paris, because they are pinned by their master to conditions too rigid for any progress to be possible; they aren't allowed even to talk about a cease-fire, in spite of Hubert Humphrey's claim to the contrary.

The thought of President Nixon not only ending the Vietnam war but throwing out bridges toward China and Russia is a dizzying one. Also, it's so improbable that, in Percy's public vision of the shape of things to come, the Republican in the White House who's bridging gaps does bear the initials NAR, not RMN. Still, Percy seems to feel Nixon would do it too, just because there's really no viable alternative.

But whoever he is, a truly bridge-building President would, Percy feels sure, have plenty of friendly foreign helpers – the Japanese long for better relations

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with China and the West Europeans are themselves busy building bridges to Eastern Europe. Having friends abroad would, Percy implies, be a nice change for the country from having 40-odd commitments to allies who are mainly critical.

At home, Percy sees a vast submerged America that must be raised if the term "affluent society" is not to be this generation's chief mockery. On the wall of the senator's office hangs a sign that says, "Before a society can be great it must be just." Percy's recipe for achieving justice is basically simple: a coalition of forces to redress the nation's rich-poor, white-black imbalance. In his crystal ball, he sees business and CORE working hand in hand, in the ravaged countryside as well as the city ghetto. Where blacks predominated, blacks would have control; why *not* black police forces?

All this is now in the mainstream of American political thinking. Some of the credit for that must go to the junior senator from Illinois. What remains to be discovered is if his party's majority is with the mainstream or is still swimming, lemming-like, out to sea and suicide.

Alex Campbell

Southern Democrats: Not What They Used To Be

by Paul R. Wieck

Birmingham, Ala.

The test of the Democratic Party's willingness to cope effectively with racist politics in the Deep South in 1968 will center around the three-way fight shaping up for Alabama's one set of credentials at Chicago.

There will be major credentials challenges from other states, notably Mississippi, but only in Alabama do the options cover the field—from the Wallace-infested "regular" delegates elected in the spring primary, through an old-style "loyalist" group going under the name of the Alabama Independent Democrats (AID), to the National Democratic Party of Alabama, a vigorous "new politics" coalition to make a clean break with the past.

Since the 10 presidential electors named in the regular party primary in the spring ran pledged to George Wallace's candidacy, thus making it impossible for the "regulars" seeking credentials at Chicago to fulfill the first requirement of the convention call (that any delegation be able to "assure" that voters of their state will have an opportunity to vote for electors "pledged formally and in good conscience" to the presidential ticket) the 2,622 delegates in Chicago will be unable to ignore the challenges of AID and NDP.

NDP is the catalyst. Organized early this year, it distills, at a state level, the coalition the Kennedy-McCarthy bloc of the party has tried to put together at a national level—students, white and black; "black belt" Negroes, some of them officeholders themselves; old-style white radicals, both from the cities and the old populist strongholds in northern Alabama; young professional men and women and upper-middle-class liberals out of the academic and scientific communities at Tuscaloosa and Huntsville.

NDP, unlike AID, isn't confining itself to sending a delegation to Chicago to challenge the "regulars" and offering a set of presidential electors to back it up. Instead, it promises to do battle in November for every office on the ballot from the courthouse to the White House and its leaders see a chance of electing at least one black man—the Rev. William Branch of Greene County in the 5th district—to Congress.

Black people, who put the only thing they had—their bodies – on the line time and again in the last decade to win the right not only to vote for sheriff but to make a clear choice on issues, have lost their patience over the last decade with the maneuver of old-style "loyalists," such as are found in AID. There's evidence of this impatience to be found on every hand. In North Carolina, Dr. Reginald Hawkins, a Negro dentist, entered the Democratic gubernatorial primary against Lt. Gov. Robert L. Scott, a leading "moderate-to-liberal" politician of the old school. Negro leaders in Arkansas, annoyed at Sen. J. William Fulbright's consistent votes against civil rights legislation, are talking of sitting it out or voting for another candidate to force Senator Fulbright into a run-off.

In short, the old appeals of the "moderate-to-liberal" forces that comprise the "loyalist" wing of the party in most Southern states, including Alabama, are falling on deaf black ears. They are stubbornly deaf.

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And so responding to this new attitude (and generating it too), NDP challenges some basic assumptions that party "loyalists" have clung to as the proper way to handle (or, really, to avoid) a racist dialogue with the Wallace-oriented politicians of the Sixties. The AID position is rooted in the one-party politics of a region that, for 100 years, found its only national strength in the seniority of the men it sent to Congress. The new era of racism in the Sixties, represented now by George Wallace, combined with the shift of the South from an agrarian to an industrial base, has left the "loyalists" fighting a rearguard action to protect the men sent to Washington years earlier and the power they have accumulated.

Only a decade ago, Alabama's congressional delegation was weighted with "economic" liberals – Senators Lister Hill and John J. Sparkman, Representatives Albert Rains and Carl Elliott. The "loyalist" strategy for '68 was devised to protect Senator Hill (letting him run on the same ticket with Wallace), who subsequently decided to retire, while providing a way for them and their friends to vote for a set of presidential electors pledged to the national ticket for the first time since 1952. This plan, which included qualifying AID and its 10 electors for the ballot, apparently received the blessing of the White House late in 1967.

At a meeting last December 26, Democratic State Chairman Robert Vance and David Vann, the organizer of AID, stood side by side to explain that the purpose of the new party was to give people a chance to vote for President Johnson.

Vance guaranteed that the AID delegation would be seated in Chicago, because he'd made a deal with LBJ, but he told the group that he would deny it if they quoted him. Two of the men who later organized NDP, Dr. John Cashin, Jr., of Huntsville, NDP chairman, and Jim Evans, were present at the meeting, but only Evans was asked to leave – after he suggested that the Vance-Vann plan was a "move to allow Hill to run with Wallace." As Evans put it, the AID plan was and is a "single purpose party that will run no candidates and put black people in a little corner."

Vance has since said he will challenge the credentials of all McCarthy delegates at Chicago, requiring from them a pledge to vote for the Democratic nominee in November. A 40-year-old Birmingham attorney, Vann is typical of the Southern "loyalists." He has fought the racists locally (he was active in the campaign to remove Eugene "Bull" Connor from power in Birmingham by changing the system of city government) but he shuns the idea of disturbing the courthouse circles, for that's "not good politics." He claims that Wallace's support in Alabama has softened, and that there is an outside chance of depriving him of a clear majority in his home state next fall – *if* local politicians are given a chance to ride back into office on Wallace's coattails, while privately backing AID's independent slate of electors.

In fact, AID and NDP leaders would like to merge their slates of electors; indeed, NDP would have endorsed the AID electors at its July 20 state convention if state law had permitted it. But NDP isn't willing to give up its real goal: providing a choice up and down the ballot; and AID can't shake its devotion to the ties of the past.

That NDP leaders are excited about the chances of the Rev. Mr. Branch, if he gets some financial help, tells something about the atmosphere in Alabama. The 5th district includes Tuscaloosa, where NDP has considerable support among faculty members and students at the University of Alabama; five "black belt" counties, in each of which black registration exceeds that of the whites; two precincts in Jefferson County (Birmingham), including some large black boxes, and several other predominantly white counties. Mr. Branch is in a four-way race for the seat Rep. Armistead Selden (D) relinquished to run for the Senate – against a Wallace-oriented Democrat, a Republican and a right-wing "independent." Since the potential Negro vote is, realistically figured, between 30 and 40 percent, it is possible, at least on paper, for Branch to emerge with a plurality.

But NDP, like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in 1964, badly needs the blessing of the national party – to give it access to campaign funds, to lure candidates with statewide stature (one, ex-Attorney General Richmond Flowers is weighing a bid by NDP to be its Senate candidate).

At this point, AID still commands the loyalty of many Negro leaders, particularly those in the Alabama Democratic Conference, part of the network set up in the South by Louis Martin for the Democratic National Committee; of labor leaders, whose effectiveness has been reduced almost to zero by Wallace's "populist" appeal; and of the large group of Birmingham attorneys who have managed to keep partial control of the regular party structure.

AID chairman Vann says he is getting "indirect cooperation" both from Vance, the regular state chairman, and a number of members of the "regular" party state executive committee which elected Vance, not a surprise considering Vance's original role.

The response of the delegates to the national convention to the three-way challenge could set the pattern for Democratic politics in the South for the next decade.

At a minimum, the Chicago convention, with the support of both Vice President Humphrey and Senator McCarthy, can be expected to seat the delegation of

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"Loyal Democrats of Mississippi," which is challenging Gov. John Bell Williams' hand-picked slate from neighboring Mississippi. Like AID, the Mississippi challengers do not plan to set up a separate party structure and run candidates for every office in the state, thus threatening the local political establishment. The Mississippi fight is not one the Vice President can duck. He must atone for his role in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) compromise of 1964, when he earned the right to be LBJ's running mate by keeping their challenge from getting to the convention floor, thus keeping intact a consensus politics in the very year the Democratic Party *could* have acted decisively without risking national defeat.

Elsewhere in the South, Mr. Humphrey faces some awkward situations. The 11 states of the Confederacy will cast 527 of 2,622 votes at Chicago, most of which the Vice President's managers are counting on by at least the second ballot. A revolt, possibly prompting 300 to 400 Southern delegates to rally around the favorite son candidacy of Gov. John Connally of Texas, could be fatal to Humphrey. The political establishment in the South, despite its losses in recent years, will not tolerate too much interference with its way of doing things. Humphrey may feel bound to carry out LBJ's deals, as well as his Vietnam policies, which means supporting AID.

For the McCarthy camp, the choices will not be as hard. It has stood aside from the old-style politics. The seating of NDP would bring a largely pro-McCarthy group (it had strong Kennedy elements) into the convention, whereas AID is expected to send a group dominated by Humphrey backers. (Both AID and NDP leaders have discouraged public expression of a preference by any of their delegates in an effort to keep the focus on the merits of their respective cases.)

Confronted by a tidal wave of white racism, by the new intransigence of the blacks and their white liberal supporters and by the Republicans too, the old Democratic Party in the South may be losing its foothold. What happens if the political establishment rejects both the Alabama (either the NDP or AID) and Mississippi challenges in Chicago? Or insists on a pallid compromise such as the one forced on MFDP in 1964? In that event, the Democratic Party, nationally, will have served notice that it cannot cut its ties with the region's racist politics and will force those who want a clean break to find another political home, perhaps in a fourth party.

Speaking at the NDP convention in Birmingham on July 20, the Rev. Mr. Ed King, MFDP national committeeman, said the 1964 compromise in Atlantic City "destroyed the finest generation of young people this country has ever seen." It was after this that SNCC turned to black power. In 1968, there is another chance to open the doors of the party to participation by all the people in the North, the South, the East and the West.

North Atlantic Free Trade?

Stephen Hugh-Jones

London

How would the next US Administration react to proposals for the formation of a North Atlantic Free Trade Area? For eighteen months a small but increasingly active, and increasingly influential, group in Britain has been pushing this concept with the argument that though the United States is now uninterested it would respond to a strong initiative from Britain. The arrival of a new Administration, and the reassessment of US foreign policy likely to accompany it, will provide this program (or, as they would say, the British government, which is currently even less interested than Washington, with its opportunity.

The core of the NAFTA concept, as it has been outlined in Britain, is industrial free trade between Britain, Canada and the United States; plus, hopefully, Britain's six continental partners in the European Free Trade Association (Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal) as well as Australia, New Zealand and – with rather less conviction – Japan. The idea, associated in the United States with the name of Senator Javits, appeared on the British scene surprisingly late, at the end of 1966. It is presented as a viable, indeed more profitable, alternative for Brit-

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ain to membership of the European Economic Community (EEC). De Gaulle's second veto, and a rapidly growing reluctance among the British people to offer themselves for further humiliation, have given it a powerful impetus.

The argument so far has been presented in largely economic terms. While no one can quantify the "dynamic" effects of joining either a NAFTA or the EEC, it is clear that the immediate effect of EEC membership would be a heavy drain on the British balance of payments. NAFTA, say its supporters, would have exactly the opposite result. The figure they quote, based on 1965 trade figures but assuming that the tariffs to be abolished would be those of 1972 after the Kennedy Round cuts have been carried out, is a gain to the British payments balance of more than $650 million a year.

One can criticize this figure in general and in detail. To go no further, it seems unlikely that price cuts of about 10 percent could really expand Britain's exports to North American markets by 56 percent. My own calculations, based on heroic projections of 1961-66 trade trends to 1972, allowance for last year's sterling devaluation, and a variety of assumptions about elasticities of demand, suggest gains in the range of $180- to $450 million. But one can attach very little significance to any such figures, a point that NAFTA's supporters have not made quite as obvious as they might. Results depend totally on the highly speculative assumptions one is compelled to make, and the purported gains from tariff-cutting are apt to be swamped by other factors.

If, for instance, Britain's export prices were to rise faster than those of its competitors so that, by 1972, the edge given by devaluation would have been lost (and on past form this is likely), the highest gain my calculations suggest would have been reduced by some $300 million. A figure of $150 million in an export trade which by then may be around $6 to $7 billion in the commodities and markets concerned is hardly a basis for policy. It seems likely that the "dynamic" effects of NAFTA – economies of scale, competition, the spread of American managerial dynamism and know-how, and so on – will swamp any static quantified predictions that are possible today.

Yet the broad economic case for trying to create NAFTA – crudely, the same as the case for joining the EEC but more so – has not been greatly disputed. The likely effect on American investment in Britain – would it increase or diminish? – is uncertain. It is when one comes to asking whether Britain wants more American investment, whether British industry would or would not be taken over by US capital, that the argument springs to life. The real dispute about NAFTA in Britain is a political one, because to its opponents, and to many of its supporters, its real significance would be political.

Politically, NAFTA's supporters, grouped under the title of the Atlantic Trade Study, are a curiously mixed bunch. The "official" line is to play down the political issues, suggesting that, after joining NAFTA, Britain could still eventually join the EEC, since the latter would be forced by loss of its export trade to join NAFTA itself. Some significant supporters of NAFTA—for instance Fred Catherwood, director general of Britain's National Economic Development Office—are indeed ex-EEC converts. Others, such as Douglas Jay, former president of the Board of Trade, who left the Wilson cabinet last year partly on this issue, are outspokenly hostile to joining the EEC. There is a strong Commonwealth, particularly Canadian, element, which is given public voice in the devotedly pro-Commonwealth, anti-EEC, Beaverbrook newspapers. This shades into a romanticism of "the English-speaking peoples," a desire, at its extreme, to recreate something like the old British Empire – in its most honorable sense – with the old white dominions and the happy addition of those who were so mistakenly alienated by George III, and of the "honorary Anglo-Saxons" of EFTA.

This spectrum of views is reflected among the hundred-odd MPs, of all parties, who recently signed a motion urging that the British government should at least investigate the possibilities of NAFTA. Intent on Europe, the government, for obvious tactical reasons, is firmly refusing to do so, unmoved by the news that NAFTA is at least one of the possibilities that will be considered in William Roth's review of US trade policies. Led by Edward Heath, Britain's chief negotiator in the 1961-62 EEC talks, the Conservative opposition also remains hostile. So does the powerful Confederation of British Industry. Yet the NAFTA campaign is growing faster than appears on the surface. Swollen by a skillfully organized program of pamphlets, press articles and public meetings, with the powerful help of de Gaulle and of the apparent futility of staying forever on bended knees outside the slammed door of the EEC, it might indeed burst the floodgates if positive encouragement were to come from Washington.

To Britain's "Europeans" this is naturally a horrifying prospect. Though it is often done, it is less than honest to deny that the main emotional push behind NAFTA is a mixture of pro-English-speaking and anti-European feeling. The more suspicious "Europeans" are indeed inclined to see the NAFTA campaign as a tool of sabotage, and the timing gives them some justification. The idea, which could reasonably have surfaced at any time after the election of a formally anti-

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EEC government in October 1964, only took shape with the formation of the Atlantic Trade Study (amid the discreet circulation of documents headed CONFIDENTIAL) immediately after Wilson announced Britain's renewed readiness to explore EEC possibilities in November 1966. The first public kite of the Atlantic counterattack was flown in February 1967, in the middle of a Brown-Wilson tour of EEC capitals, in the shape of the traditional letter to *The Times*, signed by a large number of more-or-less distinguished Americans, among them Senator Javits. The first, and basic, Atlantic Trade Study pamphlet dropped neatly into the middle of the intra-EEC discussions on British entry in November 1967.

But one need not take this Machiavellian view of the NAFTA group's intentions to doubt what the effects of joining NAFTA would be. Few people take seriously the notion that having entered NAFTA Britain could join the EEC later on. It depends, first, on the massive assumption that anything will push the Europeans into dropping their common external tariff, which, for many people within the EEC is the essential cement of its existence. In any event, by then the economic integration of the Six will, or should, have proceeded far further than it has today, while Britain's investment, research and trade would be integrated into the American-dominated North Atlantic market. Is it likely that the British would then wish, or be able, to switch horses – or be acceptable to the EEC if they did?

Insulated in London, it may be possible to answer Yes; indeed we have recently had Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., bearing the same answer from across the Atlantic. But talk in Brussels, Paris or Bonn, and not just to Gaullists, and it seems absurd. The fear of American economic domination is widespread. It was no accident that *Le Défi Américain* was the most talked about book in Europe last year. For that matter the cosy notion that Britain could easily bring the other EFTA countries along with it into NAFTA is soon dissolved by reality. Talk to the "honorary Anglo-Saxons" and you will find that while few are even aware that the title is being graciously offered to them, even fewer want it. Their British trade is important to them, and North American trade could be. But it seems today unlikely – European emotions apart – that the EFTA countries (certainly not the Swiss or Austrians) would join NAFTA if they saw a real prospect of membership or meaningful association with the EEC which would thereby be closed to them.

Excluded from the EEC, would Britain be economically taken over or dominated by the United States? This argument generates much heat here, but understandably little light. NAFTA supporters reply that Britain does not dominate the industry or policies of its much smaller EFTA partners; and that anyway few obstacles exist to an American take-over today. In a free trade area Britain would become less attractive as a base from which to serve the EFTA area. It might become more attractive as a relatively low-wage base to serve the entire NAFTA market. Curiously, it is Catherwood who has cried down that "fear" (some opponents of NAFTA would see it more as a consoling hope) by remarking, from his own experience of a firm which is 49 percent US-owned, that American corporations would be unlikely to let their British subsidiaries upset their domestic market.

My own guess is that in the short run NAFTA would have no great effect, that in the long run market integration and sheer familiarity, rather than free trade as such, would bring Britain to something like the unhappy position of Canada; whereas at least today a British government has the power, if not the will, to avoid it. But this guess, like the whole heated dispute, is fuelled less by knowledge than by the basic clash of prejudices between those who are basically content to see their country integrated into the American empire and those who are not.

Such an integration seems far the likeliest consequence of NAFTA on the global scale. Curiously again, it was one of their chief American supporters who recently shot to pieces the bland assurances of Britain's pro-NAFTA leaders that Britain would not be cut off from Europe. At a NAFTA conference in London in July Professor Thomas Franck, who is directing research into the concept at the New York Center for International Studies, presented a picture of the political future that seemed as realistic as it was, to a "European," alarming.

He foresaw NAFTA leading to a basically Gaullist or would-be third-force EEC, weakened by its own divisions, with Holland the "Achilles heel" and Germany a potential "Trojan horse." Meanwhile the NAFTA countries, Japan included, would "play a world role cooperatively with the United States." That indeed seemed, for him, to be the objective of the exercise. NAFTA would "provide economic benefits to Britain to sustain a role east of Suez beyond 1971." It would make it possible to reallocate the weight of foreign aid in support of threatened governments, to speak to the world in various styles, to divide the burdens of world security. In short, the United States' NAFTA partners could "shoulder responsibilities" in pursuance of international aims "which the United States could expect to be similar to its own." Fine stuff to offer hawkish congressmen, and of course there are many people in Britain who see Vietnam simply as a case of shouldering responsibilities. Some others don't.

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Stanley Kauffmann

Finale

Harold Nicolson's life is now finished, in fact and on paper. He died, at 81, last May; the third and final volume of extracts from his diaries and letters, again edited and annotated judiciously by his son Nigel, is now published.* The account ends with the death of V. Sackville-West (Lady Nicolson) in 1962. The editor had planned to include parts of the diaries right up to their finish in 1964, but when he read the material after the bereavement, he found it was too personal and painful for inclusion.

Volume One covered a bit over nine years (1930-39); Volume Two covered a bit over six years (1939-45); Volume Three covers a bit over seventeen years (1945-62). Since all three volumes are about the same length and since, presumably, the editor has used the same standards of selection throughout, these figures are a capsule comment on the swell and fade of the interest of Nicolson's life. Events in the world governed those changes to some extent, of course, but partially the changes are in Nicolson. When we first meet him he is still strongly hopeful both in literature and politics; in the second volume he levels off in both ambitions (although he is a privileged political observer) and is defeated for reelection to Parliament; in the third volume, he makes one last odd political campaign, is defeated, then keeps writing copiously, both articles and books, because he needs the money and because he has nothing else to do.

There are some curiosities to be noted. The first has to do with the manuscript itself. In his introduction to Volume One Nigel Nicolson reports his father saying in 1964 that he had never shown this diary to anyone. In his introduction to Volume Two the son says that his father had shown "a few pages" in 1943 to James Pope-Hennessy. But the entry of 18th December 1943 does not sound like "a few pages." Nicolson writes:

> "He [Pope-Hennessy] reads my diary. He finds it unbelievable that a man who in ordinary life is gay and amusing should become so pompous and dull when he comes to write his diary. 'But it's all about politics!' he says in indignation."

Then, on 3rd January, 1953, Nicolson writes:

> "James [Pope-Hennessy] says that my diary is too boring for words and that there is no use going on with it. . . . He thinks that no diary is of any value unless it expresses personal opinions, feelings and gossip, and recounts all that is said. I must try to render it less of an engagement book. . . ."

Surely not a reference to "a few pages" – over nine years before. On 27th November, 1956, a friend tells Nicolson that "my real claim to immortality will not be my books, so much as my Diary." The friend clearly had not read any of it, but his statement contradicts Nicolson's earlier statement that it was never intended for publication. Nicolson amiably derogates his friend's comment, but here – in the privacy of his journal – he does not deny his friend's expectation that it will someday be published.

The apparently flexible accuracy in small matters extends to larger ones, to politics, where it becomes flexible probity. Nicolson was always very conscious of honor, but he developed the ability to see his honor under various lights. In 1947 he joined the Labour Party, at least partly out of expediency. He thought that they would give him a chance to run for the House of Commons or else give him a peerage and put him in the House of Lords. In the latter case he wanted to join beforehand, rather than after, so that his joining would not look dishonorable. And this was his reason for joining a socialist party! So odd was his application of principle that he saw nothing wrong in running on a radical platform in which he did not believe. When he was asked by a Labourite whether he would agree to nationalization of land, he answered:

> ". . . I would in such matters do what Cripps and Attlee decided on. If they felt it was wise to go as far as that, I should accept their decision. But I would not take an independent line and urge it against them or upon them."

Could Vice-President Humphrey have said more to his chief?

Nicolson was defeated, of course, and the reason is plain in the two photographs in the book that show him speaking to working-class people. Those pictures are distilled social history. The phoniness of the encounters is patent, and one can also see in them Nicolson's dislike of the whole electoral process. He later stated his dislike (after his defeat) in a famous *Spectator* article, which is included here and which is said to have cost him the peerage that could have been his other reentry into Parliament. It is hard to disagree with most of the sentiments about campaigning in that article; one need only look at television to confirm the aphorism that politics is an occupation for second-rate men. Still Nicolson went into it and wanted to succeed in it, and then, when he failed, he also wanted credit for disliking it.

He does not point out the prime proof of how lightly his socialist foray was taken. Four months after his defeat as a Labour candidate, he was summoned to Buckingham Palace and commissioned to write the official biography of George V.

And here occurs another odd lapse of memory. He records that his son says "that my highbrow friends will think it wrong of me to write a book on a subject when I have to indulge in suppressions of the truth." But this was not a new experience for him. In 1948 he had written a commissioned

(Continued on page 34)

* *Harold Nicolson:* Diaries and Letters. The Later Years 1945-1962, edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum; $8.50).

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Books and the Arts

The Dahlberg Dilemma

by Edmund White

Edward Dahlberg continues to be one of the most unaccountable forces in American letters, a phenomenon that every critic seeks, in one way or another, either to justify or dismiss. Even critics who are theoretically quite opposed to examining a man's work as a pendant to his life find themselves worrying over how Dahlberg *got to be this way*. In a new collection of essays by fifteen writers Allen Tate expresses the consternation he shares with many other critics when he says of Dahlberg's work: "Criticism as we write it at present has no place for it, and this probably means that I shall probably not be able to do justice to my admiration." Josephine Herbst, in another essay from the same collection, echoes Tate's frustration (and admiration): "It is easy to describe second rate talents; they fall into a class and enlist under a standard. But first rate powers defy comparison and can be defined only by themselves." After forty years of publishing criticism, fiction, autobiography and maxims, Dahlberg must be congratulated for his refusal to submit to easy classification.

The Carnal Myth
by Edward Dahlberg
(Weybright and Talley; $6.50)
Edward Dahlberg: American Ishmael of Letters
edited by Harold Billings
(Beacham; $8.95)

The problems Dahlberg raises for the critic are certainly not intellectual. In *The Carnal Myth*, a continuation of an earlier volume, *The Sorrows of Priapus*, he expands his unfashionable but easily understood views. Once again he retells and discusses bits of history and mythology from ancient Greece and Rome and America during the early days of the Spanish conquest and attempts to make this material edifying. His moral analysis reveals: that sexuality is permanently at war with man's higher aspirations and must be disciplined; that human companionship is a great good, though difficult to find or keep; that instinct is often more trustworthy than reason; that accumulating wisdom, however, is an honorable, if vain practice; that each person's character is so inflexible it cannot be significantly improved; that the machine age is an abomination; and that life is tragic. Although Dahlberg's grasp of these ideas often seems shaky, the ideas themselves are probably as good as those that have inspired most writers.

What puzzles, infuriates or delights everyone is the style. Dahlberg started out in 1928 writing a highly colloquial social protest novel, *Bottom Dogs*, which he later came to denounce for its "rough, bleak idiom." After publishing two more novels in the same vein he resolved to become "a man of letters and an eremite to do so." He then entered a long period of teaching himself a new language, an amalgam of 17th-century prose, moralizing in the style of La Rochefoucauld and queer classical learning. The effect of this language is in turn unintelligible, beautiful and ludicrous. A typical example of his prose, exhibiting all three qualities, is the first paragraph of Chapter X in his new book:

> "Earth, said to be somewhere in the Sea of Darkness, was known as Antilia, or Antilles, the name later given to the West Indies. De Soto, sacking Golconda, had been unable to persuade Cabeza de Vaca to join him. The Opatas of Sonora had told Estevanico of the seven emerald pueblos in New Mexico. Sesame is yellow, which is one of the colors in Paradise. The carbuncle burns in Eden, and the emerald is as green as the leek. Pliny thought Elysium was an empurpled island."

Upon confronting such a passage, the reader's first stunned reaction is to murmur, "Come again?" The bits of knowledge are joined only by the weakest links of free association, as though the author had simply dumped on the page all the notes he had drawn from rummaging "through a cairn of erudite volumes," as Dahlberg puts it. Exotic reading lists are an enduring passion with this man, and, in a letter to poor Anthony Kerrigan, Dahlberg sternly orders him to read "Macrobius, Pausanias, Herodian, Suetonius, Clement of Alexandria, Josephus, the *Moralia* of Plutarch, the Elizabethans, the writers of the Comedy of the Restoration, Livy, Thucydides, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Dryden's *Essays*, Ruskin's *Praeterita*, Herzen, Saint-Simon, Pliny, Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and sundry other authors and savants." To prove that *he* has read these and sundry others, Dahlberg doesn't mind breaking the flow of an argument and forcing one obscure allusion to ride piggy-back on another.

Typically, he writes in *The Carnal Myth*:

> "Epical companionship is the hymn of Ares; it is battle and strife; one must be as prepared for truth, love, or a friend, as Diomedes was ready at all times for rapine, sleeping on a hard bed with upright spears planted near enough to grasp them. Chrysostom said that the Thebans bore the marks of spears on their bodies, which had been left by the dragon's teeth Cadmus had sown."

In this passage, Chrysostom's remark is obviously hitching a free ride, but the addition garbles the entire point Dahlberg was making. Similarly, he tells us, "The Scythians carried all their laws in their heads, having no need of books," and then throws in

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for good measure, "The plays of Terence are about gluttons and parasites, but the Scythians, being too poor to have either, did not require Roman comedies." Full stop. New paragraph. Terence, like a movie star in a gossip column, has had his "mention" and will not appear again in the book. Joseph Evans Slate in *Edward Dahlberg* tries to justify this irritating habit by stating:

> "The most significant effect of the apothegmatic style . . . is its discontinuity. Each sentence stands alone. . . . The paragraph is a collection of separate sentences, not a logically related unit. This discontinuity . . . demands of the reader an unusual capacity for seeing unity where it is not apparent. . . ."

This apology simply won't work. John Cage once said of an early string quartet that each sound had no relationship to the one that preceded it except that it happened to be next to it in time; if Dahlberg were writing in an analogous way, Slate's argument might hold, but in *The Carnal Myth* Dahlberg is obviously trying to make points and to develop them, and his bright, irrelevant afterthoughts only dull or conceal his arguments.

Occasionally Dahlberg's learning provides the occasion for a beautiful effect. At the end of Chapter II he concludes a description of Alexander the Great with an opulent and resonant sentence: "Alexander sacked the greater part of the globe for the spices of the Moluccas, pelf, destruction of whole nations, reverently titled history, which is the idolatry of power, gore, and war." A line like this, ungrammatical and hard to read as it may be, can hold up well under the sort of scrutiny usually reserved for poetry. "Pelf," for instance, sounds a dark, Anglo-Saxon note which – after the tripping, latinate words that follow – is echoed in the three, closing nouns.

Far more frequently, unfortunately, Dahlberg's erudition makes him look a fool. Few readers will warm up to a writer who can blandly confide:

> "I felt it was not possible to be a good scribe without knowing the rites of Isis and Osiris and the erotic Serapeum of Mnevis and Apis and pondering the significance of Thammus, the phallic demigod for whom the women of Israel wept by the walls of Jerusalem."

Nor will they be likely to trust Dahlberg's *faux-naïve* comment:

> "There are tribes among the people of India who eat rice loaves, dwell in soft ground nourished by warm winds, and live to be one hundred and fifty years old. This, at least, is what the ancient geographers assert, though some are fabulists."

The doggedly archaic, pedantic style is often so clumsy that Dahlberg can scarcely communicate coherently with friends about practical matters. In a letter to Donald Paquette and his wife Dahlberg asks them to make out a check to a starving writer, but can't bring himself to write a word like "check," a word Sir Thomas Browne never knew; the only, ludicrous way out of the quandary is to say, "The two of you could make out to Richard Newman." Words like "car" or "truck" are equally foreign to Dahlberg and he must report in another letter: "Coming back in a ramshackle machine and colliding with a mechanical leviathan we by a miracle escaped death."

Posing carried out on such a scale seems so pretentious and screwy that it is no wonder critics keep asking how Dahlberg got to be this way. If he was affected as a young writer, it was only in the way all enthusiastic beginners are. Could it be that D. H. Lawrence, who wrote the introduction to the first novel, *Bottom Dogs*, wounded Dahlberg deeply when he said of the main character, who was patterned after Dahlberg himself, "The young Lorry is indomitable. You can't destroy him. And at the same time, you can't catch him. He will recoil from everything, and nothing on earth will make him have a positive feeling, of affection or sympathy, or connection"? What must Dahlberg have thought as he read that his account of his years in an orphanage proved to Lawrence "how rapidly the human psyche can strip itself of its awareness and its emotional contacts, and reduce itself to a sub-brutal condition of simple gross persistence"?

Significantly, Dahlberg wrote about the orphanage experience again, years later, in his new fancy style. In the second account, *Because I Was Flesh*, he was taking no chances. This time no one would be able to say either the author or his younger self was devoid of awareness or emotional contacts or "connection." In fact, Dahlberg has "connected" his orphans to every name he could come up with in Greek mythology and the Bible. No longer are the orphans guilty of "simple gross persistence." When they rise to eat a breakfast of gruel, we are reminded that Scipio compelled his troops to do the same. The playgrounds resemble "Milton's sooty flag of Acheron." The children themselves are "as immortal as Caleb, Gideon and Deborah the prophetess, who came out with the timbrel and sang before the ark."

With unwearying persistence, Dahlberg matches up every grim, dehumanizing aspect of the present with a reassuring reference to something similar but grand in the past, as though demonstrating that there is nothing new under the sun, nothing uniquely repulsive about his own experience.

Curiously enough, this technique is effective and beautiful in *Because I Was Flesh*, which is his best book. Paul Carroll, in an interesting essay in

I REQUIRE . . .

a "dating service" that

- ☐ has outgrown pop prattle about the "swinging scene" (ages 21 to 65)
- ☐ has the enlightened versatility to match flower children and Wall Street tycoons (although only sometimes with each other)
- ☐ has penetrated bigtown anonymity to dare deal only with its more cultivated, intelligent, literary community (48% through personal referrals)
- ☐ offers exclusive, expensive, exhaustive, individual processing by trained consultants

☐ A LOOK AT YOUR OUTSTANDING QUESTIONNAIRE

MIND MATES

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Edward Dahlberg, discusses a passage in which Dahlberg compares his mother's well-endowed lover to a giant from the Ethiopic *Book of Enoch* and argues that Dahlberg's use of the myth works so well because it "distorts emotional fact by displacing it; and by distorting permits us to retain and live with those facts. Who wants to think directly about his mother engaging in sexual intercourse? If her lover is some giant out of Ethiopia, then he – like the Paraclete who inseminates the Blessed Virgin – comes from another country: he is more fairy tale than human. Transformation of sexual feelings into myths occurs continually throughout Dahlberg's writing and accounts for some of his finest passages."

Now it seems to me that Carroll's point is completely wrong. "Emotional displacement" is the sort of evasion we encounter everywhere in life and can accept in literature only in the characters, not in the author. From the author we expect a steady, fearless vision of the experience, no matter how painful. What's more, the frank vision is precisely what Dahlberg does give us in *Because I Was Flesh*. Only after he has fully rendered the real-life event does he modulate into the myth.

The use of mythology works not because it disguises the experience but because it amplifies it. To let the present reverberate in the past is no problem for Dahlberg, who disbelieves in history: to him "there is only decay, and no time. . . . The centuries that divide one from Jesus and Brutus contain no time. We still hear the tinkling of the sheep bells at Mamre, and Abraham continues to sleep beneath the terebrinths just as Saul sits and broods underneath a tamarisk. . . ."

When the acutely felt, personal experience is missing, however, as it is in *The Carnal Myth*, when there is no narrative of the present to be amplified in the past, then the writing becomes incoherent, an exercise in arrogance – Dahlberg claims that Americans need vital myths to live by, but surely we don't need those old myths, couched in that pretentious language. As Alfred Kazin has said: "As a thinker in the abstract, Dahlberg is not very interesting; his own life is his most dependable text. . . ."

Doctors and Patients

by Matt Clark

The quality of care in America's hospitals is often bad. Many big city-run institutions are antiquated, dirty, overcrowded, understaffed and blighted by political corruption. In small communities, hospitals are often staffed by doctors of questionable competence, and must seek physicians trained in foreign schools of doubtful quality to fill their quotas of interns and residents. The best hospitals, the health experts tell us, are the teaching centers affiliated with medical schools.

Sickness and Society
by Raymond S. Duff, M.D. and August B. Hollingshead, Ph.D.
(Harper & Row; $12.50)

Life, Death and the Doctor
by Louis Lasagna, M.D.
(Knopf; $6.95)

The Negligent Doctor
by Charles Kramer
(Crown; $5.95)

In the teaching hospital, presumably, the latest knowledge from the laboratory is brought immediately to the bedside. Care is provided by learned clinicians and their eager, idealistic young students in the best tradition of Drs. Gillespie and Kildare. Whether a rich man in a private room, or a poor man in a ward, the patient benefits from all that the art of medicine has to offer. But alas, not so. Drs. Duff, a pediatrician at Yale University School of Medicine, and Hollingshead, a Yale sociologist, have taken a long, hard look at the way patients are treated in an unnamed university medical center (obviously their own) and found conditions that would make Gillespie and Kildare consider turning in their licenses.

Their book is based on personal observation of the care given to 161 men and women admitted to the hospital, along with detailed interviews with the patients, their families, doctors and other attending personnel, and analysis of hospital charts and records. The result is an important social document that studies the effects of a patient's past, his emotional status, and his environment on his illness, and examines how adequately the health team takes these factors into account in treating him. More often than not, Duff and Hollingshead report, doctors, nurses, students and house officers fail to see the patient as a person, with the result that the care they render is inadequate.

At every hand, Duff and Hollingshead found that the teaching and research functions of the hospital got in the way of its ostensibly primary job of providing succor and support for the sick. The medical school faculty, they note, is rewarded for research achievement, measured in numbers of reports published, not for treating patients. Such care as these doctors provide, moreover, is incidental to instruction. For their part, the students quickly learn to regard patients as "clinical material" provided solely for their edification. "You're interested in patients," one intern told interviewers almost reproachfully. "I'm interested in the disease in the body in the bed." Indeed, students were urged to come running when a physician uncovered a particularly instructive lesion in one of the patients. "So there I was," a student recalled, "standing in line with a dozen other students. I had a glove on my hand like the rest, waiting to stick my finger in and feel that cancer. . . ."

With its private, semi-private and ward accommodations, the hospital maintains the socio-economic distinctions of the community. And doctors

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were acutely aware of their patients' niche in society, as was made painfully obvious by such comments as "she comes from a cultivated family," "he's a deserving, skilled workman," or "he can't give a good history." Medical students, interns and residents referred to the ward as "the zoo," and the more troublesome patients as "crocks" or "crud." On the wards, Duff and Hollingshead found, senior physicians were "conspicuous by their absence." Care was almost totally in the hands of students, residents and nurses who were often reassigned elsewhere in the hospital before they could establish rapport with the patients – even if they wanted to. The overriding desire to learn usually won out over any impulse to render tender loving care. In the name of education, ward patients were commonly given more extensive diagnostic tests than necessary, Duff and Hollingshead report. House officers tended to regard terminally ill patients as a challenge, they note, and exhausted various procedures to keep them alive, although ultimate recovery was out of the question. After a patient died, interns and residents, with the encouragement of the hospital administration, often hounded his relatives for permission to perform an autopsy, even to the extent of assuring the survivor that the procedure would require only a small incision. In view of all this, it was small wonder that patients on the wards came to regard themselves as guinea pigs, and their families to view doctors with distrust and suspicion.

But Duff and Hollingshead didn't find matters all that much better in the hospital's private rooms. True, the patients there were accorded a good deal more personal attention by their doctors and the rest of the staff. But private doctors were "totally committed" to the care of the patient in only 35 percent of cases. And in these instances, Duff and Hollingshead found, the doctor was often acting out of self-interest in providing emotional support: "They believed they could not offend or appear unkind even when necessary for rational patient management."

In general, Duff and Hollingshead found that the doctors showed an almost total lack of interest in their patients' personal lives. In fact, when asked if they wanted to know more about their patients "as individuals," 98 percent of them said "no." As a result, whether on the wards or in private accommodations, the patients' illnesses were often misdiagnosed and mistreated, particularly when emotional factors or the patient's "way of life" were of central importance. The doctors routinely sought a physical explanation for symptoms and ignored psychic realities. One 52-year-old woman, afflicted with severe headaches and fainting spells, was told she was suffering from impaired circulation in her brain, although the medical tests failed to prove it. A badly-frightened woman, she eventually went home, to become a neurotic invalid. In actuality, Duff and Hollingshead decided, she had been suffering from tension headaches, probably caused by a host of family problems. In all, 12 percent of the patients were misdiagnosed physically, the Yale investigators report, and 34 percent, mentally or emotionally. And although 22 percent of the patients were overtly psychotic, psychiatrists were called for consultation in only six instances. "One of the salient points revealed in this research," Duff and Hollingshead write, "is *the separation of surgeons and internists from the everyday concerns of their patients* (italics theirs). These physicians need to return to the mainstream of society."

Dr. Louis Lasagna, a member of the Johns Hopkins faculty who spends a good bit of his spare time writing about the role of the physician in society would clearly agree with Duff and Hollingshead. His book, which contains considerable material published previously in medical journals and general magazines, including *The New Republic*, ranges over a variety of subjects that constitute the interface between the medical profession and the public it serves. Lasagna argues that doctors could broaden their efforts in preventive medicine by, for example, encouraging patients to give up smoking and have annual health checkups, bringing pressure to bear on automobile manufacturers to design safer cars, and even engaging more actively in efforts toward disarmament and peace.

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He also calls for "more data and less hysteria" about narcotics addiction, advocates revision of abortion laws and discusses euthanasia as a feasible means of dealing with terminal illness in certain instances.

On a more fundamental level, Lasagna shares his Yale colleagues' concern with the training of physicians. He decries the fact that medical school curricula pay scant attention to public health, medical economics, community and preventive medicine, and that hospital training leads the young doctor to overlook the roles that family, job and community play in the patient's problems. What social awareness the modern doctor does have, Lasagna makes clear, is negative in character. He reports, with dismay, that when his own medical school class was polled on what they considered the most important medical problems, most of the replies centered around the threatening issue of "socialized medicine."

A major problem that concerns Lasagna is the need for assuring medical skill. "One of the essences of a profession," he writes, "is that it assumes certain responsibilities for the competence of its members or the quality of its wares." Yet, he notes, in 1961 the licensing boards of 26 states passed every native son applicant, and as of 1965, three state boards had not failed a single candidate in a decade. Although airline pilots are subjected to periodic proficiency tests, there are virtually no formal means of evaluating the performance of the average doctor once he has left medical school. Doctors, Lasagna points out, don't even read their journals faithfully, citing a Harvard Business Review study showing that 47 percent of the physicians polled admitted that they only skimmed the material in their journals, and another seven percent didn't read anything at all.

Hospitals are about the only institutions available to bring the poor practitioner to account, through tissue committees and case reviews. "But an incompetent physician thrown out of one hospital," Lasagna notes, "will find another hospital where he is not under comparable supervision. The only solution would seem to be to have state boards revoke such a person's license." As it stands now, only about eighty physicians' licenses are revoked each year and usually for such things as narcotics abuse, income tax evasion or moral turpitude, rather than professional incompetence.

To help his readers choose competent physicians, Lasagna can only offer a few rules of thumb. The best doctors, he says, are generally board-certified specialists, who have taken years of training in their fields and passed a stiff examination at least at one time. Or they are on the staffs of university teaching hospitals (the findings of Duff and Hollingshead to the contrary notwithstanding). Or they are members of medical practice groups, and thus subject to continuing evaluation by their peers. Unhappily, the average patient has no way of knowing when he has blundered into the hands of an incompetent until it is too late. And then, providing he's still alive, about the only recourse he has is to bring a malpractice suit against the bungler.

Charles Kramer, a New York lawyer who specializes in malpractice litiga-

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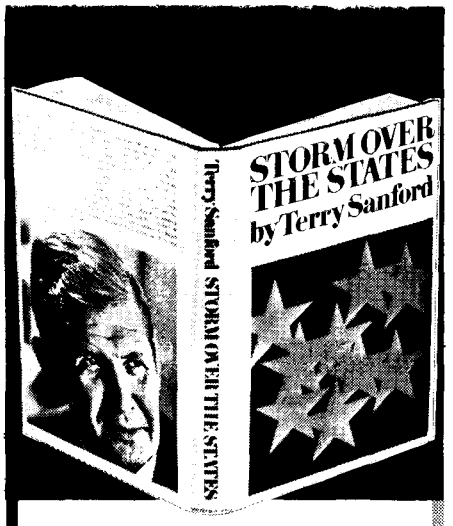

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tion, explains the technicalities involved in such cases and illustrates them with lengthy excerpts from actual court records. Malpractice, Kramer notes, results from negligence, and involves the failure of the doctor to treat the patient under the accepted rules of medical practice, thus producing injury.

If nothing else, examples of such lapses as Kramer describes help explain why malpractice insurance is skyrocketing these days. There is the little girl who underwent surgery for correction of a congenital hip deformity only to have her doctors place a metal plate in the wrong hip. There is the case of the young woman delivered of twins who died of massive hemorrhaging because blood transfusions were delayed for two hours, and the blood finally given her wasn't the right type. And there is the 52-year-old man who went to the hospital for a simple hemorrhoid operation, only to die in convulsions because of an improperly-administered spinal anesthetic.

In each of these tragedies, Kramer is at pains to point out, there was no ill will on the part of the guilty doctors. Like the physicians described by Duff and Hollingshead, they simply didn't care enough. As a result, they transgressed the oldest and most important tenet of their profession; *primum non nocere*—"First, no harm to the patient."

Masterpieces from the Silent Partner

by Patricia Blake

Reviewing the novels of Mikhail Bulgakov, which are now appearing for the first time, thirty to forty years after their writing, has aroused anxieties I have never before experienced. To confront a masterpiece at the time it is written is bad enough: who would care to have been among the first to judge *Swann's Way?* Immediate recognition is rare, perhaps impossible, for a masterpiece needs time to do its work of altering its readers before it can accomplish itself. In Russia particularly, where the writer's calling as rebel and martyr has most often prevailed over his function as witness, some works seem actually to have caused mutations among a people that continues to give birth to Khlestakovs and Stavrogins without end.

Black Snow
by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated by Michael Glenny
(Simon & Schuster; $4.50)

The Heart of a Dog
by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated by Michael Glenny
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $3.95, paper)

The Heart of a Dog
by Mikhail Bulgakov
translated by Mirra Ginsburg
(Grove; $3.95)

For the scholar, some picked-over archive may yet yield an "original contribution," like that of a Ph.D. candidate in my field who is at present demonstrating that Pushkin's assassin was his own stepfather's lover. But how to deal with *instant classics* – these Bulgakov novels tumbling out of nowhere, one after the other, since 1965? Until recently Bulgakov was mainly known for one play, *The Days of the Turbins*, and a collection of early short stories, including *The Fatal Eggs*. All his other writings were suppressed or unknown. Imagine a situation in which *The Inspector General*, and *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka* were the only known works of Gogol. Now here come two more Bulgakov novels.

His fiction shows that he has been, all along, a principal though silent partner of that group of Russian authors of the 1920's and 30's which produced a body of satirical writing that in its brilliance and vigor has no equal in any modern literature. I classify him now among the top three of a formidable list beginning with Babel, Olesha and Pilnyak, and going on to Ilf and Petrov, Zamyatin and Zoshchenko. *The Master and Margarita* is a masterpiece in the vein of

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Russian phantasmagoric literature; the blood lines run directly from Gogol through Bulgakov into Tertz-Sinyavsky. Those parts of the exhumed corpus under review here, *Black Snow* and *The Heart of a Dog* are lesser works only to the degree that the former is unfinished, and the second is less ambitious in scope and size.

Black Snow (in Russia the title is *A Theatrical Novel*) is the autobiography of every writer riveted to the appalling necessity of dealing with publishers and editors, and, worse still, with producers, directors and actors. Its protagonist, a novelist and playwright, commits suicide as a result of these encounters. Bulgakov, who died a natural death in 1940, had sufficient grounds for doing the same thing. "I have come to hate all editors," he said in 1926, "I hate them now and shall hate them until the end of my days." Bulgakov is believed to have written thirty-six plays of which eleven were published and eight performed, several in bowdlerized form, after fierce and hopeless struggles with the Moscow Art Theatre. Some of his short stories appeared in obscure ephemeral journals. Others were rejected by editors, or suppressed by censorship. Among his four known novels, (others may yet turn up), his first, *The White Guard* was accepted, after countless rejections, by a literary magazine which folded in 1925 before publishing all the installments. The full text did not appear in Russia until 1966. *The Heart of a Dog* was and continues to be suppressed in Russia. *The Master and Margarita* was written in the late thirties at a time, the height of the Stalinist terror, when the publication of a work satirizing, among other things, the Stalinist terror, was scarcely conceivable. When this novel finally surfaced in Russia in 1966 the text had been mutilated by censorship. (The most complete text of *The Master and Margarita*, in an English translation by Michael Glenny, was published by Harper & Row last year.) As for *Black Snow*, Bulgakov certainly despaired of ever submitting for publication this ferocious portrait of the Moscow Art Theatre, that sacred cow of Stalin and other obscurantists. The initial appearance of *Black Snow* in Russia in 1965 was the first clear signal that the deadly monopoly of the Art Theatre, imposed by Stalin on the style and content of the entire Soviet theatre, might at last be publicly repudiated.

Maxudov, the hero, has written a novel (called *Black Snow*) while scratching up a few rubles as proofreader for *The Shipping Gazette*. The book's reception by editors and fellow writers is such that already in the first pages Maxudov is reaching for a gun to shoot himself. He is interrupted by the appearance at his door of Mephistopheles, in the guise of a magazine editor, who reads his novel in one night. When he has finished he says to the author: "How many times a week do you shave?"; "Forgive the indelicacy, but what makes your hair look like that?"; "Cross out three words on page one, seventy-one, and three-hundred-and-two." The first installments of the novel are printed, the author is cheated out of part of his fee, and then, before copies of the magazine are distributed, editor, publisher and editorial premises vanish "to America."

Unfortunately Maxudov has returned the gun to the friend from whom he had stolen it, when he receives a letter from the producer of the "Independent Theatre" – patently the Moscow Art Theatre which, together with its staff, will hereinafter be referred to here by their actual names. The producer summons him "about a highly confidential matter which may be of the greatest importance." Given the housing shortage in Moscow, Maxudov assumes that the producer wants to exchange rooms with him. But no, he asks him to adapt his novel for the stage. Maxudov is petted by a number of splendid Art Theatre characters, the business manager, for example, who offers him a quarter of the sum promised for his play, with the amiable suggestion: "Have you tried gambling at the races?"

The play is written, revised, rejected, accepted, rehearsed, and, of course, never produced after years of quarreling among the two feuding directors (Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko) and an assortment of lunatic actors, stage managers and secretaries. The application of the Stanislavsky Method is seen as a certain means of destroying the talent of actors and the sense of plays. During a rehearsal Stanislavsky objects to the performance of an actor who is declaring his love for a girl. "Passionate love is expressed by the man being prepared to do anything for his beloved," says Stanislavsky, and, with that, orders "Bring on a bicycle!" The actor is obliged to ride around the girl who is seated on a chair clutching an enormous patent-leather handbag. "Terrible!" says Stanislavsky, "Empty – you were riding emptily, instead of being filled with your beloved."

Maxudov's first reading of his play to Stanislavsky is the finest scene in this comic chronicle of disaster. Before entering into the Presence, the playwright is advised to tell the crank director that he does not have a cold, that he takes homeopathic medicine, that he was born in Moscow and his father worked in a bank – and, above all, not to read him a crucial scene in which a character shoots himself. Maxudov spoils his chances by giving all the wrong answers about his health and origins. When he reads the part about the shot, Stanislavsky objects hysterically: "Let him stab himself with a dagger." Maxudov points out that daggers were not used during the Civil War when the action takes place. Stanislavsky insists on the elimination

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of the shot, suggesting that Maxudov write "a profound psychological drama" about "an actress and a gang of enemies which is persecuting her." "Your play is a good one," the director adds, terminating the interview, "all you have to do now is write it."

There is considerable evidence that Bulgakov's hyperbolic visions of the goings-on at the Art Theatre are grounded in reality. In a recent issue of the Soviet magazine *Teatr*, the actress Alisa Koonen recalls *études* imposed on her by Stanislavsky that are scarcely less absurd than the bicycle bit. ("At the count of three, crow like a cock.") Chekhov, who once called Stanislavsky "not an artist but a pompous ape," believed, of course, that he had ruined his plays. And Bulgakov himself had more than one grisly experience with the Art Theatre, the last in connection with the production of his play *Molière* which was four years in preparation. After being utterly bowdlerized it ran for a total of seven performances. If it is any comfort to Stanislavsky sectarians in America, Bulgakov's anecdote about the director who objects to shots on stage is borrowed from Chekhov's experience, not with the Art Theatre, but with the Maly Theatre which requested the elimination of the scene at the end of act III of *Uncle Vanya*, on the grounds that it was quite inadmissible that a university professor be fired at on stage.

Black Snow suffers somewhat from having been left unfinished at Bulgakov's death. It lacks the polish of *The Heart of a Dog*, and the perfect balance of hallucination and contrivance which Bulgakov achieves in this, as in his other great phantasmagoric works, *The Master and Margarita* and *The Fatal Eggs*. *The Heart of a Dog*, a short novel written in 1925, is a devastating parable of the lumpenproletariat in the immediate post-revolutionary period. Bulgakov's prol is a scruffy, mean-tempered, long-abused stray dog who is given a human pituitary gland by a surgeon famous for his rejuvenation experiments. Sharik, the mongrel, rises from all-fours, and calls himself Sharikov, also adopting the name and patronymic Poligraph Poligraphovich. Within days he is denouncing the surgeon and his staff to the police as Mensheviks. His pleasures are thieving, pinching bottoms and going to the circus (the theatre is "pure counterrevolution"). He dismisses Engels and Kautsky: "all that crap . . . all about some congress and some Germans. Makes my head reel." He is put in charge of a subdepartment of the Moscow City Sanitation Department where his job is catching and strangling cats which are then turned into protein for the workers. The question posed about Sharikov is: does he have the heart of a dog or a human heart? The terrorized surgeon, himself of a breed no less contemptible than Sharikov, disposes of the question as quickly as possible, by restoring Sharikov to his original state. Nursing a headache, Sharik now lies at the feet of his master and dreams: "He saw the great man plunge his slippery rubber gloves into a jar to fish out a brain; then relentlessly, persistently, the great man pursued his search. Slicing, examining, he frowned and sang. . . ."

The identity of the surgeon and the nature of the operations scarcely needs a gloss. In the twenties such metaphors came naturally to Russian writers for a variety of reasons, perhaps the least obvious to Western readers being that the rejuvenation research of the pre-revolutionary scientist Ilya Mechnikov was carried on by a certain Dr. Voronov who was fastening monkeys' balls to elderly Russian émigrés fron Menton to Cannes at the time. The piquancy of this business was not lost on Mayakovsky who, one must now suppose, had been familiar with *The Heart of a Dog* when he wrote *The Bedbug* in 1928. The metaphor and the meaning are essentially the same in both works; Sharik-Sharikov and Prisypkin-Skripkin come out of one bestiary, except that the first is surrendered to his nightcares, while the second ends up behind bars, with an armed keeper.

Black Snow and *The Heart of a Dog* have both been brilliantly translated by the English scholar Michael Glenny, who has devoted himself to recalling Bulgakov to Western culture from his long exile. Another edition of *The Heart of a Dog* has been published in a translation by Mirra Ginsburg which is rather more literal and less literary than Glenny's.

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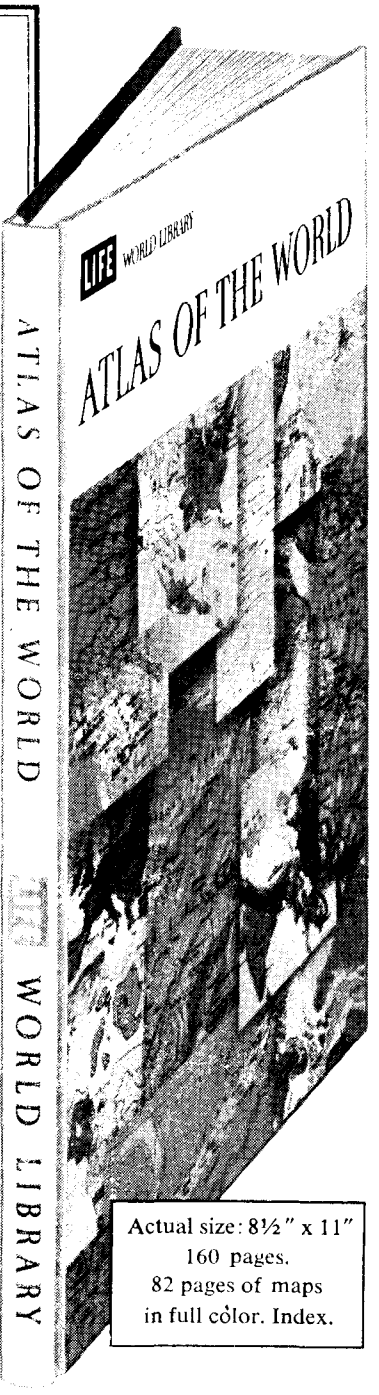

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Lyndon Johnson in Literature

by Larry L. King

Comparatively few books have been written about Lyndon B. Johnson and these are, withal, pretty dismal. Johnson books generally do not sell well (as do Kennedy, Roosevelt, or Lincoln books) and therefore publishers do not strain to solicit them. Too often Johnson's chroniclers have axes to grind. *The Lyndon Johnson Story* (a paean by Booth Mooney, former Johnson staffer and still a friendly consultant on occasion) saw only gold, moonbeams, and Horatio Alger while ignoring some Texas-sized warts. At the opposite pole, Rancher-Rightist J. Evats Haley's *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* was shrill, hateful, and downright wrong, ascribing to Johnson moral, financial, and political mischief that not even Lucifer himself, working overtime with LBJ's energy, could have committed.

Sam Johnson's Boy:
A Close-Up of the President
from Texas
by Alfred Steinberg
(Macmillan; $9.95)
A Very Personal Presidency:
Lyndon Johnson in the White House
by Hugh Sidey
(Atheneum; $5.95)

Neither the Mooney nor the Haley book will be of value to historians, save in the most pedestrian sense or as a vintage curiosity. Rather pathetically – and because of special circumstances – both enjoyed huge sales. When LBJ ascended to the Presidency, Mooney's five-year-old sonnet (then representing the only Johnson "literature" on hand) was serialized in newspapers world-wide, translated into thirty-odd languages, and distributed everywhere by the US Information Agency. This was the book Johnson urged on associates in his senatorial days, grasping their lapels or elbows and booming that "If you want to know anything about me it's all right here in this book"; and this is the book that probably will remain the President's all-time favorite unless, God forbid, Jack Valenti writes one.

LBJ was doubtless less enthralled with Haley's devilishly sorry critique. Goldwater partisans, however, bought it in bulk in 1964 and to this day *A Texan Looks At Lyndon* is as dear to lunatic anti-Johnsonites as the New Testament is to Billy Graham. Such one-way books will be soon forgotten.

All of LBJ's Falstaffian traits – the mad hoo-hawings, the arm-twistings, the aimless goddamnings, the petty little vengeances, the boastful Alamo airs – tend to suck writers into a colorful vacuum where they spin dizzily, at once fascinated and repelled; the writer is thus driven away from cool inspection of the President's more thoughtful moments, his real accomplishments as a legislator, even some few fine moments in the White House. (I have on occasion fallen in the trap.) Robert Sherill's *The Accidental President* suffered from just such a preoccupation with the darker side of LBJ; only a rollicking prose and a biting humor kept the work from being a disaster. The blows LBJ received at the hands of William Manchester in *Death of a President* were not all above the belt: once again points were scored at the expense of LBJ's same old Falstaffian, impulsive excesses. Michael Davie's *LBJ: A Foreign Observer's Viewpoint* is a slight volume good for perhaps an hour's mild titillation; Davie contributes only brief personal observations based on a single interview, the sketchiest of facts, and his own rather unremarkable perceptions. In Pierre Salinger's *With Kennedy*, LBJ is a supporting actor treated with a certain chariness, as if the author somehow expected Johnson to spring on him from behind a bush – should he go too far. Theodore Sorensen's *Kennedy* reduces LBJ to infrequent walk-on roles, his personality deadened by the author's grim, committee-style prose.

Theodore White's *The Making of a President, 1964* offers an excellent journalist's account of LBJ at happy political play in a time when he was at his personal apex; Norman Mailer's pop-study of Johnson in *Cannibals and Christians* is irreverent, piercingly funny, and perceptive in Mailer's mad way; Tom Wicker's recent study of *JFK and LBJ* is creditable and rancorless, and goes a long way toward explaining how President Johnson frittered away his beloved "government by consensus." Despite a certain stylistic stodginess and possibly a too-willing acceptance of LBJ's self-promoted image as a Man of Miracles, perhaps the most balanced study is *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* by Roland Evans and Robert Novak, although this two-year-old book is now weakened because it does not treat the sundry disasters that have befallen the President over the second half of his final term.

The best book about Lyndon B. Johnson is, of all things, *The Gay Place*, a novel published in 1961. Its author, William Brammer, wrote much of it while serving as then Senator Johnson's chauffeur, sometimes speech writer, office hand and all-round step-and-fetcher, and put his observations into the portrait of a hilarious, compassionate, and vulgar nobleman of life, one Governor Arthur Fenstermaker. Here are glimpses of Fenstermaker-Johnson floating in his ranch swimming pool while monitoring Muzak and telephoning the great bankers of the East or some claybog political crony, bouncing across the desert floor at 80-miles-per-hour while sipping Scotch and misquoting the prophets, cracking a political vertebra here, bestowing a political blessing there;

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praising God, whooping at wild flowers, enjoying the comforts of ladies – and all the while doing his damndest to wield power, generally on the side of Good.

Lyndon Johnson claims *The Gay Place* as one of those rare books he has read. Though from the moment LBJ laid it aside Brammer was forever banished from close proximity to the Throne, this merely proves that the President rarely looks in the mirror and sees humor there. Brammer's strength was that while he got down Fenstermaker-Johnson's unholy excesses, he did not fall victim to the contagious craziness himself. Understanding his man's better instincts, he brought to Fenstermaker-Johnson depths and dimensions the nonfiction writer has yet to achieve.

All the world knows that President Johnson, gazing on a likeness of himself painted by Peter Hurd, once blurted: "That's the ugliest thing I ever saw." Should the President see these latest word pictures – by Alfred Steinberg and Hugh Sidey – he may downgrade Mr. Hurd's entry. To save you suspense, Sidey's is the more worthwhile book.

Had Johnson sought reelection, Steinberg's *Sam Johnson's Boy* might have come to prominence as the Bible of all who harbor less than love for their President. The many anti-Johnson scenes, stories, moods, and motives will unfailingly please his most severe critics whether of the Left or Right. But this fat, gossipy book contains little of interest to scholars. Certainly it cannot qualify as serious biography, though it is being advertised as such. The author has collected all possible anti-Johnson yarns (many of them likely apocryphal) and damaging accusations that too often are credited to faceless sources.

There are some truths in Steinberg's book; many of them are uglier than the Hurd painting. But there are half-truths; distortions; too much open rancor. Mr. Steinberg need not have strained himself: President Johnson, his own worst enemy, is fully capable of painting his own black self-portraits. Poor LBJ unfortunately *is* a man almost wholly lacking in the personal graces, a brash egotist prone to rant and bully and given to profanities, a frighteningly-hawkish warrior in the nuclear age, often stubbornly bull-headed; an actor of outlandish postures, and on occasion given to careless or needless lies. All this has been documented to the satisfaction of possibly everyone except the Democratic National Committee.

Steinberg is not content merely to allow LBJ's clumsier brush-strokes to paint their own ugly vignettes. Ill-will seems to spring from almost every page: Johnson goes off "on another diplomatic escapade" rather than on a mission; he never speaks but "screams" or "barks" or "bellows"; on the night of John F. Kennedy's assassination the President is remembered for devouring fried chicken and gulping Scotch in the company of "exhilarated" aides while watching "a sickening rehashing" of the assassination news on TV. (Say for Mr. Steinberg that he knows how to use language like a dirk). On the day of JFK's funeral, when most Americans gave Johnson high marks for personal conduct, Steinberg depicts him "screaming" at Secret Service agents ("You damned piss-ant bastards . . .") because of his positioning too distant from the gravesite, and because they still wore the PT-109 tieclasps given them by the late President. The new President's brief chats with world leaders assembled for the funeral is interpreted as "a show" which LBJ "enjoyed" so much "his schedule collapsed," and was the occasion for various diplomatic blunders.

Steinberg appears to fudge on the facts: an attempt is made to make LBJ into the crony of Texas swindler Billie Sol Estes when, in fact, the opposite was true. As a big man in the Liberal wing of the Texas Democratic Party, Estes opposed LBJ – part-and-parcel of the ruling Conservative Establishment – at state conventions, in grassroots precinct fights, and in primary elections. The double standard is trotted out: Lyndon Johnson, Senate Majority Leader, is held personally accountable for all the wheeler-dealer tactics of Bobby Baker while Mike Mansfield (LBJ's successor as Leader) somehow "remained unaware of the enormity of the plotting and secret dealings of his young secretary for the majority." (If Senator Mansfield knew nothing of the adroit and power-driven Mr. Baker's personal sideshow, then he should be stuffed and preserved in the Smithsonian. Everyone else on Capitol Hill knew of it.)

When pushing JFK's larger bills through Congress after ascending to the White House, LBJ somehow merely "created the impression" he was working for this legislation. Then, in an about-face many biting pages later, LBJ becomes the complete ogre in bludgeoning Congress with "pork-barrel grants, threats, bribes, persecutions, and a barrage of barnyard Johnsonese." Mr. Steinberg, in trying to have it both ways, ignores the fact that Congress is historically a foot-dragging institution that any President worth his salt has always found necessary to bludgeon with all available weapons – if he cares a whit for his legislative ambitions.

If *Sam Johnson's Boy* has any real relevance to 1968, it may be that section stressing how completely Hubert Humphrey is the creature of Lyndon B. Johnson: beholden to LBJ for being ushered into the Senate's ruling circle, for choice committee assignments, for being permitted to act as floor leader of politically helpful bills, for his position as Senate Majority Whip, for the Vice-Presidency and for his head-on crack at the Presidency itself.

As one who remembered Hugh Sidey's weekly presidential features in *Life* magazine as sometimes overly-admiring (or even downright saccharine) I approached *A Very Personal Presidency* expecting more of the same. Happily, I was wrong. Sidey is not blind to presidential shortcomings; his controlled understanding of them, however, plus his reasoned explanation of *how* LBJ came to be the creature that he is – and his willingness to bestow credit when due – leaves the author's credibility intact. Pro-Johnson partisans likely will find Sidey's scalpel more painful than Steinberg's hatchet.

Sidey bolsters the theory that despite LBJ's thirty-odd years on the national political scene he remains very much the small-town boy from Johnson City, his outlooks and decisions irrevocably shaped by his early experiences in a land where brute strength was often

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necessary to survival and generally was more prized than any virtues save – possibly – cunning. Young Lyndon Johnson observed that the fittest survived: "The banker was king. The image was one of 'the man who lived in the big white house up on the hill.' Curiously, Johnson did not seem to resent the possession of economic power. He just wanted to be the one to have it." (He got it, too. At last count the LBJ fortune was around $15-million.) The President's yarns glorifying the Texas Rangers or martyrs at the Alamo may be translated into his hero-worshipping shilling of "my boys" in Vietnam, or account for his determination not to be chased out of that country. When LBJ wars on poverty, he thinks of hoary ranchers at the mercy of rainless summers or of "his first shock at seeing the Mexican-American children of Texas rummaging through the garbage cans of a roadhouse looking for grapefruit rinds." LBJ – Sidey writes – "is quite convinced that adequate water in the areas of shortage and control of the waters in the areas of surplus could do more for peace than just about any technological breakthrough. The world is simply Johnson City in megatons."

The President's predilection for "consensus government" may be traced to his experiences in what was long a one-party state, politically, where the survivor found it necessary to woo in tandem the banker, rancher, main-street merchant, or courthouse boss. Dissent rocked the boat, periling success. The successful Texas politician put useless partisanship aside, cozying up to the establishment and working to bring everyone under his own personal banner; he looked with suspicion on college professors or others who spoke of some vague idealism or felt compulsion to fight for obviously lost causes. In such surroundings, one did not suffer fools. Lyndon Johnson would never learn to suffer foolish dissent, intellectuals, or idealists in the White House or Congress anymore than he had in Blanco County.

"This is a book of glimpses," Sidey writes in his opening notes. "None is a total by itself, but it is my hope that when put together in the reader's mind, much like the frames of a motion picture, they will leave a full and fresh impression, perhaps even bring new understanding, of Lyndon Johnson's Presidency." Mr. Sidney did not miss his mark by much. He has made good use of his experience as a long-time White House correspondent, and his book is a helpful addition to the poor world of Johnson letters.

ART

Italians Bearing Gifts

A two-part show of younger and young Italian artists at the Jewish Museum in New York ends the season there with a flourish. It is infinitely more satisfactory than the accounting of recent French painting seen at the Met this spring. The Italians have come into their own after a period of painful fluctuation from Abstract Expressionism through Pop Art, neither of which produced distinguished work in Italy. But the present show of "Young Italians" on the ground floor of the museum (upstairs, "Recent Italian Painting and Sculpture" surveys their hoary elders) suggests that the Italian scene is only slightly less lively than that in Britain.

The division of the artists into two age groups is rather misleading: the older group, though it includes Lucio Fontana (born in 1899) comprises mostly fortyish artists, while the young artists are almost all in their thirties. In one case the two groups overlap. Gio Pomodoro in the senior citizens' section was born in 1930, as was Renato Castellani who shows with the yéyés. But there is an esthetic justification for this. Pomodoro, like most of his coevals, looks sleek, professional, respectably modern. Castellani does too, but there is also a trace of nihilism which alters the direction of

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his work, and this holds true generally for the other artists in both exhibitions.

It is pleasant to see work which one had encountered previously only in the pages of *Art International, Art and Artists* and other European gazettes. Such was my experience with Valerio Adami. His much-reproduced paintings are not very impressive in black and white, but close up their scale and ingenious color take one by surprise. Indecipherable flesh-colored creatures, who seem to have been created by the origami method of folding paper, evolve in erotic surroundings where plumbing fixtures play a large part. The interest is in their bigness, which here generates boldness, and in the strange palette of cool, aggressive pastel tones, laid on flat. The variety of "flesh" tones in a single figure says something interesting about flesh.

Getulio Alviani manufactures vast aluminum plaques striated to produce vibrating Op effects; they should be boring but they're not. Agostino Bonalumi's shaped canvases bulge in peculiar places; behind these monochrome surfaces a minimal scupture is screaming to be let out. Castellani is also minimal and shaped, but with a dynamic thrust; these recent pictures of his are far more impressive than the tufted-upholstery ones seen previously.

More minimal is provided by Francesco Lo Savio, though the works he exhibits date from 1960 – long before the term was coined. Their titles ("Uniform Black Opaque Metal: Extruded Paraspheric Articulation of the Surface") look ahead to the milennial optimism of our own artist-technologists. But they do things differently over there: Lo Savio's all-black pieces haven't the Americans' freight of aggressive angst – they are just good-looking, which is good or bad depending on how you feel about angst. Similarly, Sergio Lombardo's flat, polychromed sculpture slithers over the floor and walls in the British manner, but with the style and bite of good Italian tailoring or a necktie from the Via Condotti. And this is by no means to be taken as derogatory. To move with one's time and to exhibit an inborn flair for it is not a bad thing. Much of today's art is more honored in the elaboration than in the conception.

None of these twelve young artists is negligible, all are kicky, some are much more than that. Space doesn't permit discussion of each, but one must note Pino Pascali's ingenious whodunit called "Confluences," composed of shallow metal trays containing colored water, aligned in two converging paths that take up most of the floor space in one gallery. Pascali comes from Bari and this work suggests a dreary but mysterious irrigation canal in some desolate section of southern Italy. It is also an autonomous work of art, non-referential yet witty in a melancholy way. Sad impertinence is also the note of Michelangelo Pistoletto, who is better known here than most of the others. He traces life-size figures on tissue paper from photographs, sketching and coloring them a bit on the underside, then gluing them to a mirroring sheet-metal surface. Your own reflection is supposed to collide disconcertingly with the paper figure, but in my experience this never happens. Even the most narcissistic viewer finds his attention riveted to the enigmatic, everyday figures, cousins of Antonioni's chic alienation victims. Moreover the metal backing is otherwise effective in plastic terms since it provides a non-decor for these static monodramas. Pistoletto's technique is a delight. Nothing improves the flavor of a photograph more than his discreet pencil and faded yet assertive color. His work has the rightness of great illustration like Edmond Dulac's, with the additional virtue of not being illustration.

The major discovery of the show, for me, was the single work by 32-year-old Renato Mambor, who is showing in this country for the first time. It is a long frieze of twelve wood panels painted white and variously emblazoned. One bears the head of a mop slicked down and whitened, another some narrow metal strips against yellow, another long test-tubes containing colored powder. An all-black panel has a piece of a black shutter, creating a fleeting haunted-house effect; elsewhere on a white cloth-covered panel some zippers are opening to reveal a sky-blue space beyond. No description can convey the powerful charm of this work, which could be the long-awaited reawakening of the last great force in Italian art: the metaphysical painting of de Chirico.

The older artists upstairs are less impressive as a group, less adept at covering their tracks when they appropriate (to put it mildly) American styles and mannerisms. The most talented are somewhat in the position of Americans like Stuart Davis in the twenties – borrowing what they need from across the Atlantic and then reshaping it to their own purpose so that the origin scarcely matters. The same cannot be said, alas, for artists like Baj, Rotella and Dorazio, who have moved close to plagiarism in this new work, before sending it back with rather touching effrontery to America to be judged. Baj used to satirize generals in assemblages made of broken mirrors and upholstery fringe; now he has wrapped himself in Jim Dine's neckties and miniskirts. Rotella has abandoned torn posters for Rosenquistian juxtapositions; Dorazio has rushed in where many Americans would no doubt like

distinctive

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to tread and superimposed Morris Louis' and Noland's stripes.

Elsewhere Gastone Novelli's milky, quirky landscapes probably owe something to those of Rome-based American painter Cy Twombly, yet they are not without a weirdness of their own. Consagra's pastel-painted, bolted-together aluminum bas-reliefs seem a real advance over his more "tortured" early work. Toti Scialoja continues his irregular, vertically-scanned friezes which, he tells us, must be read from left to right. It is uncertain whether this rule should be applied to all painting but it works very well in his own large picture called "Three Reds," which includes a lot more than three. And Fontana, the foxy grandpa of the Italian avant-garde, has never looked better than in his "Spatial Concepts" – oval wooden plaques lacquered pastel colors and drilled with holes which align to make parabolas and other elementary figures. He used to shoot bullets through the canvas; now it would seem that the factory does the drilling and takes care of the other mechanical details, which is all to the good.

The Guggenheim Museum has decided that what we need during the hot summer months is more fantastic art, even after the Museum of Modern Art's recent Dada and Surrealism show. Hence "Rousseau, Redon and Fantasy," one of those omnium gatherums with many examples from the museum's permanent collection and others from available public and private collections.

It is my own feeling that the fantastic art bit has been done a little too often in recent years, and that Redon in particular deserves a rest. Most art worthy of the name is fantastic in some sense of the word; to emphasize this one quality is to diminish the work. And here fantasy is merely a forelock by which a number of important modern artists may be yanked into propinquity for the summer. Perhaps there are correspondences between Rousseau and Klee or Ensor and the early Kandinsky, for instance, but if so they are of a not especially illuminating kind.

There are individual works of great merit, though on the whole the show covers much of the territory of the Museum of Modern Art show, with less distinguished examples. Rousseau *is* good; one has to keep seeing him to remember that he is not just a French Grandpa Moses but a master of what the critic Uhde called "painting of the sacred heart." Some major privately-owned works are here, notably the early "Rendez-vous in the Forest" from the Averell Harriman collection and especially the marvelous "Storm in the Jungle" from the Henry Clifford collection, in which a tiger, painted with painstaking realism, is not-so-realistically poised on some grass-tops. The plum-grey sky streaked with two fine white lines of lightning, the chaos of foliage, rain and the tiger's agonized expression add up to something very funny, painful and beautiful. Other important Rousseaus on view are the Guggenheim's "Football Players" and the Metropolitan's "Repast of the Lion."

Redon seems most fantastic when he is most deadpan, as in his landscapes and some of his flower paintings. Most of the dreamy scenes here are being invaded by veiled spirits and psychedelic flowers: the exotic has replaced the fantastic. An exception is "Icarus," its irrationality limited to some bizarre vermilion shadows. It is interesting though to see how he could echo late in life not merely the mood but the spidery drawing and drooping nudes of Moreau, in works like the 1912 "Andromeda" and the 1910 "Pandora."

There are also beautiful de Chiricos of 1913 to 1918. One of the lesser-known ones is the 1916 "Amusements of a Young Girl" from James Thrall Soby's collection – a still-life of spools looming in the background. Fantasy of thread with Ferrarese architecture stretches from Ensor to Picabia to Miro to Dali's drooping watches, with some unscheduled stopovers in Blaue Reiter country. If one feels slightly fatigued at the end of the journey it is not the fault of the individual artists but only because they do not seem entirely happy in each other's company.

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Kauffmann, *from page 18*

biography of Dwight Morrow and, when finished, had noted that "the excisions have taken from the book any tang it may have had." At any one moment in his life Nicolson was trying to act truthfully and honorably; but to an observer there are odd discontinuities in his honor and truth.

These discontinuities may be explained, in part, by the fact that through his life he became increasingly an anachronism. He had been bred to believe, in essence, that gentility of mind and manner was sufficient for success as man, writer, and politician. Less and less, the fact of being a vessel of traditional English virtues was a solution to every problem, and in his obviously growing bewilderment, he seems to have resorted to familiar protocol applied *ad hoc* to strange, large and looming matters that had come to stay.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edmund White *has just completed a novel,* The Beautiful Room is Empty. Matt Clark *is editor of the medical department at* Newsweek. Patricia Blake *has edited four collections of Soviet literature in translation.* Larry King *is a novelist and a contributing editor to* Harper's. *He is a former assistant to two Texas congressmen and is an old LBJ watcher.*

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But there are charms and jewels in the book. The relation between him and his wife continued deep and touching to the end, and if some of their letters seem a bit soppy, we must remember that they – unlike the diary – were inarguably never intended for publication. The impulse to write the diary very well falters in this last volume. It is never less than literate; it could not be; but the fine touches are somewhat scarcer than they were earlier. Still there are some sharp character sketches and some shrewd judgments: e.g., this pseudo socialist understood the huge importance in postwar Britain of Sir Stafford Cripps, one of that country's insufficiently sung heroes. There are curious sidelights, such as the fact that the present premier of France, Couve de Murville, was engaged by Nicolson as tutor to his sons during the summer of 1928. There are major events, such as the pithy description of the effect of the Suez crisis on Conservatives. And there are some unforgettable scenes. One is Nicolson's meeting in 1947 with the Labour committee that had to approve his candidacy. It was in a London suburb, and it is pure Graham Greene:

> "We go to Cypress Road, South Norwood Hill. It is a small villa belonging to the Secretary of the local Labour Party, Mr. Nicols. The Chairman arrives. A silent man. Others drop in and sit stiffly on chairs round the room. Then a blind woman led by a dog enters. The dog crouches under her chair and whimpers slightly. When ten people have come in, the meeting starts."

And there are two excellent scenes with old Queen Mary, one when he interviews her for the biography of her husband he is writing, one when she has seen the finished book. Prosper the Welfare State, but ladies don't sit like that any more, not even queens.

His son says: "This third volume should therefore be read as the attempt of a highly civilised man to come to terms with new men and movements wholly alien to him." I disagree. This is the journal of a man who tries less and less to come to terms, who is more and more bewildered, even frightened, and who ends with increased reliance on his past, including his past prejudices. His interest is, principally, in conserving the standards by which he has been raised, not in adaptation.

Much of the value of these three volumes comes from that fact, that we are seeing an era pass through the eyes of a man whose life-style was passing with it. These journals have already been compared with Greville and Saint-Simon, justly. But the transitions in those journals are as nothing compared with those marked in Nicolson. What he has chronicled really is the end of Churchillian Britain, and his record is all the more poignant because he himself was a shadow Churchill. He was a popular broadcaster, Churchill was an international orator. He was a prolific minor author, Churchill a prolific major one. He was a fringe diplomatist, Churchill a diplomatic monument. He embodied the best and the less good of John Bullishness rather reticently, Churchill blazoned it for the world.

Out of this, it is more sad than ironic that Nicolson taped a television obituary for Churchill in 1953, which was broadcast after the latter's death in 1965. We are not told, but it is easy to imagine the now-senile Nicolson twelve years later, watching the obituary he had made, when he was still active, of a man he had adored. It is an involuted conjecture – a shadow watching his shadow mourn the man of whom he was a shadow – but it suits the threnodic implications of this book.

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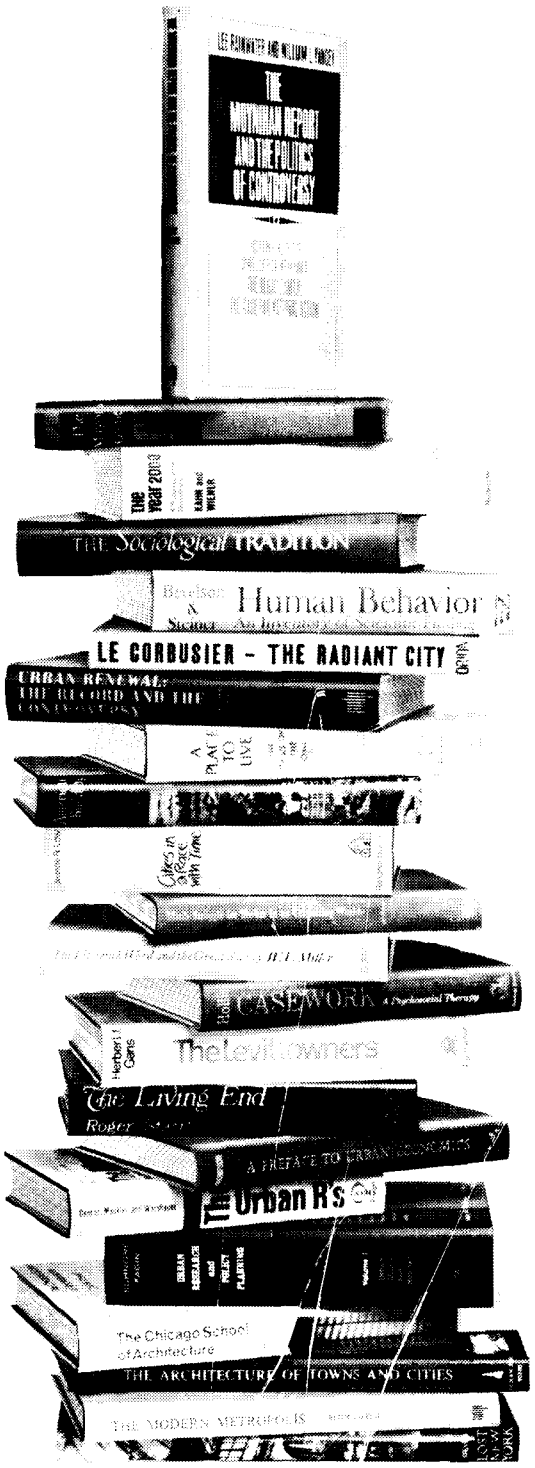

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